

AD-MARSHAL SIR HENRY WILSON.
 TERS AND PONIES AT ISLINGTON (Illustrated).

COUNTRY LIFE

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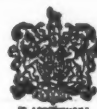
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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. LI.—No. 1314.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11th, 1922.

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MARCUS ADAMS.

THE COUNTESS OF AIRLIE AND HER DAUGHTERS.

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THE VICTORY OF COMMON-SENSE

THE London County Council election was looked forward to in some quarters with a considerable amount of apprehension. It was feared that Poplarism might turn out popular. There are many who mistake the noise of a few extremists for the considered views of the people and do not take into account that common-sense which is the basic characteristic of the English. The attempt to give the unemployed of Poplar more money out of the rates than they could have earned if in work was just such an extravagance as repelled even those who were kindly disposed to those suffering from the bad times. Any moderate relief of distress is endorsed wherever it comes from, because the English public has within itself the tradition that those who are ready to work should not be allowed to die of starvation. At the same time it is the plainest justice that the citizen who is idle should not be paid at the same rate as the citizen who is industriously working. Yet that was the attempt made.

The Poplar Guardians voted the relief on a most prodigal scale. Many cases were cited at the time in which households that were not enormously large were obtaining four, five and even seven pounds a week to save them from starvation. Obviously, if the demand had been complied with, it would have been an inducement for every man to lay down his tools and depend on being kept by his fellow citizens. That scheme was countered in the most practical manner conceivable and in a manner that was convincing to the other side. Had argument alone been used, it would only have given rise to a torrent of counter-argument, and the inflammatory battle of words might have gone on till it ended in sedition. It is a very different matter when a demand like that is met by imperial arguments.

In this case the banks were ordered not to honour the cheques of the Borough Council beyond the amounts which they lawfully demanded. That brought the unemployed and their leaders face to face with what must have been the ultimate argument if they had persisted in their demands. No corporate body, whether it be called a State or an association, can exist for any length of time if it tries to pay out more than it receives. The unemployed of Poplar are under the old delusion. They think that a local body or a government possesses a fund of endless wealth out of which it can go on endlessly paying. Such schemes as borrowing, equalising rates over a greater area, or other measures of the same kind might prolong the process of exhaustion for a time, but not for long. At the present moment, at any rate, when every public body has borrowed to the limits of its security, and when borrowing is becoming daily more difficult, the tactics attempted at Poplar are absolutely bound to fail as they did in the long run; there is no other issue.

Nor is that all. Men like Mr. J. H. Thomas should well be able to see that this is the logic of the situation. They know, whatever be the name given, the substance of the matter is that money is extracted from the pockets of those who work in order to maintain the idle. That is mischievous enough; but it is not the end. Those who forget that man has to live by the sweat of his brow and try to read the text as if it were the sweat of somebody else's brow are bound to become degraded and demoralised. They are losing their own capital, which is the strength of their hands. The longer they are out of work the less desirous they are of doing any, and many of them would rather live on a pittance than earn a decent wage by good work. To encourage that would simply be to accelerate the rate at which civilisation is crumbling up. These idlers lose more in character than the money is worth. Their reputation is carried from one place to another, and word is sent round in the Colonies and other places where work is plentiful not to seek recruits among the unemployed, who have acquired parasitical habits and wherever they go would carry that character with them. According to a well known Latin saw, you may change your country but you will never change your character. It is recognised in all those countries which are developing that the men needed are not the wasters and slackers, but those who are going determinedly into the work allotted them in order that they may make good and secure for themselves a decent place in society. That is the sort of citizen who is needed in a young country as well as in an old. He adds to the wealth of the community to which he belongs when he increases his own prosperity. He becomes more of a taxpayer than of a tax-spender, and so is an asset in the value of the land to which he has gone. But those who are set upon leading a life of idleness find the door of opportunity shut to them.

The absurdity and injustice of giving doles to the absolutely idle are denounced everywhere. It would well be worth while for local authorities and the central Government, too, that a rule should be made not to relieve want unless those who stand in need of relief show a real willingness to do the little that they can. Even at this late hour it might be possible to start works where all could find employment. Something of the sort must be attempted if for no other cause than that Britain has more unemployed in proportion to her population than any other country in Europe. The number of the workless is decreasing in France, Germany and Holland. In states like Belgium and Denmark it exists only to a slight extent, but our army of men who have no work to do is hanging like an inert burden upon a State which cannot support it.

Our Frontispiece

OUR first illustration is from a recent portrait of the Countess of Airlie with her two little daughters, the Ladies Victoria and Margaret Ogilvy. Lady Airlie is a daughter of the Earl of Leicester, and was married in 1917.

* * * Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.



COUNTRY NOTES

THE short career of Lord Trevethin as Lord Chief Justice of England will make many regret that he was seventy-eight when appointed. He has discharged the duties of his high office with an ability, an independence of judgment and a force of character that have made his tenure remarkable. It will be remembered that he succeeded Lord Reading, the Viceroy of India. At that time Sir Gordon Hewart was looked upon as the natural successor of Lord Reading. At the request of the Prime Minister, however, he stood aside, as he had on previous occasions when he declined high posts of honour because great duties had otherwise been imposed upon him. The offices he might have held were those of Home Secretary, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and he was twice offered the Mastership of the Rolls and twice, too, an appointment as a Lord of Appeal. There can be little doubt that as Lord Chief Justice he will leave a great memory behind him.

VERY good reasons are being advanced for not accepting the Geddes cuts in regard to afforestation. It has been shown by several experts that it is wrong to assume that no return can be obtained from timber until eighty years after planting. In a letter to the newspapers Mr. James William Watt, a member of the English Consultative Committee on Forestry, shows that there is no need to wait eighty years for a return. His own practical experience agrees with the opinions expressed by many experts that the initial cost of planting is generally recouped from the proceeds realised from the first thinnings at the end of the fifteenth year. Most people who know the country will agree that there is much less difficulty in selling wood now than there was before the war, and even the undergrowth may, at any rate in some parts of the country, be disposed of profitably in about half the time given by Mr. Watt. We have also to allow for the fact that we used to derive half of our supply of imported timber from Russia, and this source can no longer be taken into account. Well considered afforestation would provide for future needs and at the same time give more employment in the country. Its association with small holdings can be worked with success. The small-holder is not busily engaged in autumn and winter on his holding, and these are seasons which are of most importance in forestry, so that his services would be welcomed at that time. A great deal of land which is yielding little or nothing at the present time might be advantageously planted, and as the profit must come in a general way after the lifetime of the planter, a good argument is made out for State assistance.

MOST of us will heartily agree with Lord Leverhulme's saying at the St. John's Wood School of Art Student's Club that every house in the United Kingdom should have a garden. Whether that garden should be only a cabbage patch or a five hundred acre park depends upon the circumstances of the holder. We doubt if there is anything

that yields greater pleasure than a piece of ground in which things can be grown. The scale does not signify very much. An intelligent man or woman will find interest of the same kind and degree in making little things grow in a garden or in planting a wide area with trees and shrubs; particularly is that the case to-day, when so many interesting things have either been brought home by travellers, in many cases travellers expert in botany, or have been formed at home by the practice of hybridising. A little bit of earth always provides room for wholesome exercise, and that exercise is all the more beneficial if it is interesting—that is to say, if the preparation is done with hope and the result watched with attention.

WHEN greatness is recognised by admission to the "Most Noble Order of the Garter," if the recipient be not possessed of a title already it is usual to confer one upon him as was done, for example, in the case of Sir Edward Grey, who was offered an earldom but chose in preference to be Viscount Grey of Fallodon because there was already an Earl Grey in his relative of Howick, and the existence of two earls of the same name would have led to confusion. We may presume that Mr. A. J. Balfour, when he was admitted, was free to choose any title he liked, and characteristically he chose that which goes with the Garter and became a knight. It is to be hoped that this will lead to no confusion between a Knight Companion of the Bath, of whom the number is limited to twenty-five, and the knight who, for example, may have been an exemplary mayor of a country town. Sir Arthur Balfour, as we presume, he must now be called, had already achieved a distinction to which a title could add nothing, and it is characteristic that he should be content with the lowest in the whole range of titles. Sir Arthur Balfour is essentially of the House of Commons, and may not have any ambition to be translated to the "other place."

SEHNSUCHT.

A wide, lone river
With windy saughs,
And mallard flying
Across the laughs.
Reedy islands
Where duck fling forth,
And high, wild geese
Go winging north,
Rain-wet moorland,
Sedge and foam,
The plover crying
'Weep, 'weep—
I sit and weep for home.

A. H. D.

IN "Canada as a Field for British Branch Industries," a book published for the Department of Trade and Commerce at Ottawa, it is pointed out that British manufacturers are missing an opportunity. For some years manufacturers from the United States have been opening branch industries in Canada. They have erected some six or seven hundred plants, and the erection of many more is projected. From these the home market is partly supplied, and certain commodities are sent to various parts of the Empire and to other countries. In the words of the Canadian writer: "Thus United States capital is doing for Canada what in earlier years British capital did for the United States." The suggestion is that if the manufacturers of the United Kingdom looked into the matter they would take their share in the industrial development of Canada. The reputation for quality which has been obtained by British goods would, no doubt, be of great assistance in these branches, and both Canada and the Mother Country would be more benefited by an increase of British branches than by an increase of American branches.

MR. H. N. BARWELL, Premier of South Australia, who is at present in London, holds views on the question of populating his continent that are strongly criticised over there. One of his desires is the introduction of coloured

labour into the Northern Territory, that fertile tropical region of more than four times the area of the United Kingdom that has at present a white population of under four thousand. Another more feasible proposal is the replacement of the six thousand South Australians who fell in the war by an equal or greater number of the sons of ex-Service Englishmen between the ages of fifteen and eighteen years. They would have a kind of State guardian and, receiving 4s. a week pocket money, their earnings would accumulate in the State treasury at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. until they came of age. "The real issue of the war," wrote Dean Inge on the question of the birth rate in this country, "is whether our great Colonies are to continue British; and the question will be decided not only on the field of battle, but by the action of our Government and people after peace is declared." Could an organised Bureau of Emigration be set up, the problems of education and birth control in England would be materially lightened, and our Empire would own yet another bond of unity.

A LIVELY controversy has been going on for some time about the use of larks as food. It is not alleged that very great numbers of these birds are killed for the purpose, but, still, a few of them have recently been seen in the market, and the lark, kidney and steak pudding has made its appearance at various clubs and restaurants. One does not like to think of the most charming of our English birds, one that has a place in literature not inferior to that of the nightingale, as being killed for the pot. Besides, it is a small bird, though possessing the true game flavour. One of our most eminent falconers used to make a point of having the bird roasted and brought to table after one of his September days of chasing it with the smallest of our falcons. The farmer could bring a fairly strong case against the lark, which arrives in this country in great numbers as a migrant. There is a certain amount of truth in this, but it is exaggerated, and few lovers of nature would agree that the offence deserves such punishment. Authority in the person of Dr. Collinge declares that the lark is the farmer's best friend. We are told, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," which in this case might be translated into "Thou shalt not make pudding of the fresh and gay songster which from Heaven or near it pours his strain of 'unpremeditated art.'"

THERE can be at Kew no greater curiosity in the way of flowers than *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, for which the claim is that it is the largest known flower in the world. It is strange that it should hold that position and yet be a parasite. When it was discovered in 1818 by Dr. Arnold, the medical officer of Sir Stamford Raffles, then Governor of Bencoolen, who was travelling in the interior of Africa, it was found springing from the trailing roots or stems of a vine. Its cellular threads penetrate between the wood and the bark of the host plant. Its short flower stem bursts through the bark and terminates in a globular button which at first is about the size of a walnut and then develops into this huge blossom. It is represented at Kew just now by certain dried cabbage-like buds and by a full-sized wax model of the gigantic blossom. In nature its seeds are disseminated either in the skin of the feet or in the excreta of wild elephants. When a seed drops on a suitable host it sends out a slender thread which pierces the bark.

AMONG those who are at present claiming ancient peerages we observe and congratulate the success of Lady Bewicke-Copley of Sprotborough, in the revival of the barony of Cromwell. Our readers may recollect that we recently published an account of Sprotborough Hall, together with some account of the family who have held it so long. The Cromwells of Tattersall, Lincolnshire, were raised to the baronage in 1375, but the third baron, dying without issue in 1455, the title fell into abeyance between his two nieces, Maud, widow of Lord Willoughby of Eresby, and Joan, wife of Sir Humphrey Bourchier. Maud succeeded Joan, and William FitzWilliam of Sprotborough was the sole heir of Maud. Lady Bewicke-Copley

has now established herself as the successor and senior lineal descendant of the Cromwells. Another interesting title, the claim to which was also upheld, is that of Viscount Bolingbroke, Mr. Vernon Henry St. John, a descendant of the great Tory leader and pamphleteer, having been the successful applicant.

AT this time, therefore, when his services are so much in request, Dr. J. H. Round's retirement through ill health from the post of Honorary Adviser to the Crown in Peerage Cases will be a severe loss. Dr. Round was not only the greatest authority on all genealogical questions, but a very eminent historian. Probably his most valuable contribution to historical research is his monograph on "The Commune of London"—that short phase of autonomy in the Continental manner which the City, alone of all the towns in these islands, achieved during Richard I's absence on crusade when John was distributing favours broadcast to secure partisans. Dr. Round's other publications include several works on genealogy—"Studies in Peerage and Family History" and "Peerage and Pedigree," and a valuable sketch of that notorious soldier of fortune of Stephen's days—Geoffrey de Mandeville.

IT would be interesting to know why retail butchers are increasing the price of meat. No reason is known except that they have fastened upon the foot and mouth disease as an excuse for so doing. In the farmers' shops no corresponding rise has taken place, and, as a matter of fact, the prices of livestock have fallen except in the case of sheep and pigs. The public should take notice of these facts and carry their custom to the most deserving quarter. It is only by doing so that they can hope to check the inveterate tendency of a certain class of tradesmen to seize upon the slightest pretext for returning to the heavy and unjust prices that prevailed until quite recently. In this case it is comparatively easy to upset the plot because of the farmers' shops that have come into existence.

THE ROAD ACROSS THE DOWNS.

O take the road across the Downs—
The uphill road that stretches far,
And leave behind the murky towns
Where toil and want and squalor are—
To smell the sea, to glimpse its blue
Between the hills ahead of you. . . .

But quit the road when moonlight steals . . .
Among the spinneys thread your way—
While overhead a white owl wheels
And darting bats pursue their prey—
There shall you meet . . . day being done—
Titania, Puck and Oberon!

ELSIE HIGGINBOTHAM.

AFTER a hard fight, which was watched by the King, the Navy once more beat the Army at Rugby football. As they had previously beaten the Air Force after a stern struggle in mud and snow, they are the undoubted champions of the Services. They owe much to their famous pair of halves, Kershaw and Davies, and it was a dropped goal by Davies which settled the issue. He has shown in one or two matches this year that he cannot go on for ever, and that England must soon be looking for another genius at stand-off half. This brilliant seizing of a sudden opportunity was, however, entirely characteristic—a taste of the quality that has made him and his companion such a match-winning couple. The Service matches have grown every year in interest. Like the University match, they stand for everything that is pleasantest in football—intense rivalry, keen hard play, and as little of the referee and his whistle as is humanly possible.

AT their meeting last week the Championship Committee unanimously accepted the invitation of the United States Golf Association to send an amateur team to America next summer to play an International match. The question of ways and means is a serious one, but it can hardly be doubted that the appeal which is to be made to all golf

clubs and their members will enable a team to be sent. Last year an American team came here and beat us, and everybody who met its members agreed that they were not only very fine golfers, but delightful people with whom to play golf. It is, then, an imperative as well as a pleasant duty to return their visit if we can. We can hardly be very

hopeful of winning in their country, but we have a number of fine young amateurs and we should make a fight of it. A good deal will depend on whether the climate treats our men kindly. The Americans sometimes find our golfing weather too cold, especially in Scotland; we are very likely to find their's exhaustingly warm.

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR HENRY WILSON

OF the many men who played important parts in the war there was none with a more striking individuality than Sir Henry Wilson. To the world at large he was familiar from his photographs, showing a great tall figure and a face expressive of many things. They recognised it as keen and frank, showing a combination of gallantry and gaiety, depth and simplicity, stern yet playful, purposeful but humorous. Others, the comrades who had lived under his influence, fought at his side and laughed at his wit, could not find words to express their regret at parting. They came into his room on the last day of February to say good-bye, and he and they alike were speechless from emotion. It is, surely, of interest to try, even in a dim way, to understand one so great and attractive. In mentality he takes after his great hero, the late Lord Roberts, close akin in mind, though far apart in physical appearance. Lord

Roberts was small of stature, but lost nothing in fire and energy owing to that. The absence of one eye added to the peculiar force of his appearance. Sir Henry Wilson is tall and almost gives one the impression of being awkward. This is a wrong impression. He is exceptionally well made, and looks as if he never had been anything but fit. It is in ceaseless industry and mental alertness he most closely resembles Lord Roberts. He resembles him also in tenacity of will. In Wilson's case this was shown most in his firm grasp of the Continental situation.

From the beginning of his career as a soldier he recognised that the war of 1870 was going to be repeated, but on a vastly enlarged scale. The most important consideration with him was that England could not, consistently with honour, keep out. This it was that induced him to give close study to the stage where the great drama was to be enacted. He



J. Russell and Sons.

51, Baker Street, W.

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR HENRY WILSON, BT., G.C.B.



Vandyk.

Janna F. Foch

Copyright.

Diana

MARSHAL FOCH AND FIELD-MARSHAL WILSON, WITH THE TWO NIECES OF THE LATTER.

found a kindred spirit in Marshal Foch, who was equally sure that the German invasion was coming. Some years before the war Foch gave a series of important military lectures, and Sir Henry went over to Paris and after some difficulty obtained admission as one of the audience. Afterwards he approached the lecturer, in whom he recognised the very man for the time. His quick insight into character which was to serve him well in the course of the war did not fail him then. Foch did not respond very cordially to the overtures of the foreign officer at the beginning, but nothing discouraged Wilson and he carried out the siege by which he eventually captured the friendship of the French soldier and also that of his household. They were the two army men who most clearly appreciated the inevitability of the struggle, and they met frequently both in London and in Paris in the years before the war. In a superficial way they were parallels. Both were deep students of the art of war; both recognised what the German ambition aimed at, and they agreed in regard to the route that the invading army was likely to take. In other words, they diagnosed the situation in a way to anticipate that the Belgian Treaty would be regarded as a scrap of paper.

Wilson in those days used to spend his holidays in France,

and utilised them to explore the German frontiers of France and Belgium on a bicycle, noting the rivers, bridges and other objects that might become of military importance. As showing how certain Wilson felt about his own deductions, it may be mentioned that at Le Cateau he noticed a peasant girl working in front of a house, and then and there made up his mind that it would be his billet when the troops got there. Another instance of the same kind occurred at Rouen, where he stepped the quay in order to see

what British ships could be accommodated, and on entering this town in 1913, he bought derricks, engines and other apparatus that would be needed for the landing of men and stores. The quickness with which the British arms were carried to the front was due in large measure to his purchase of engines and other material needed for that purpose. All was done with a secrecy that baffled the German spies and remained unbroken till the end of the war. The Germans never knew of the British crossing till it was accomplished, nor were they sure that there were British armies in Belgium till they met them in actual warfare.

Sir Henry Wilson's previous life had been a good preparation for the work he was to do. When he left the Army on February 28th, he said that it was the first time for



Vandyk.

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AFTERWARDS MARSHAL FOCH, FOR FUN, PLACED THE TWO MILITARY CAPS OVER THE VERY YOUNG FACES OF THE CHILDREN.

forty-one years that he had enjoyed the knowledge that there was no one who could call him up for orders or consultation. For all that long time there was always somebody who could ring him up and demand his presence somewhere. He joined the Royal Irish Regiment in 1884, after the usual period of training. He soon changed from the Royal Irish Regiment to the Rifle Brigade, and showed more than a touch of his mettle in his first campaign. This was the expedition sent out to Burma in 1885. In the time that elapsed between the Burma Campaign and the South African War he was absorbed in the work of the Staff College and as Staff Captain of the Intelligence Division. In the South African war he acted as Brigade Major of the Light Brigade. When the Great War broke out his first post was that of Assistant Chief of General Staff to Lord French, afterwards becoming a Corps Commander. It was in this position that he was discovered by Mr. Lloyd George, then Minister for War, in one of his visits to the front. Mr. Lloyd George, who has an eye as keen as anyone for a man, recognised that in the Corps Commander there was an officer of the greatest ability. At the time, however, there was no immediate use to which he could be put. As a Corps Commander Wilson had eight miles of line on which to concentrate eyes that took in the whole almost illimitable battlefield.

Appointed to accompany Lord Milner's Mission to Russia, originated for the purpose of ascertaining in what way assistance could best be given to Russia, he returned with much information of great value to the English and French Command. He found the Russians badly off for war material. As an illustration of the straits to which they were reduced, he tells that one day going out to the trenches he saw some barbed wire fixed at a very considerable height and asked the Russian officer with whom he was what sort of giant that was intended to keep off, as he himself was a tall man and could not touch it. The answer was that it was not meant for defence, but was adapted to serve as a telephone wire, of which they had run short.

On returning to England he was appointed Chief Liaison Officer with the French. For this position Sir Henry was extraordinarily well fitted. There was a bond of sympathy between the French and the Irish officer, who was always as gay as he was brave, and Sir Henry's judgment of men was never more

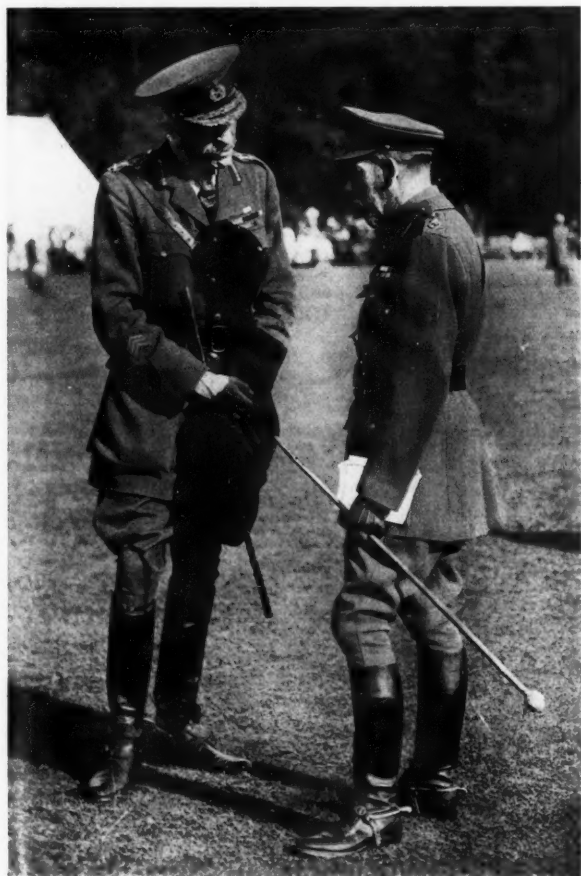


AS A RUSSIAN OFFICER.

happily exercised than when he was among Latin races. His fun and charm, as well as his go-ahead spirit, won the admiration and confidence of the French, and he exercised an invaluable influence at a time when there was a considerable danger of friction arising between the two armies. Almost the same thing was to happen later on in Italy, where once again he came into contact with a Romance nation and won the hearts of the Italians just as he had won the hearts of the French. Later in the same year he was back in England in charge of the Eastern Command, which position he held for about two months, giving it up when he was appointed Military Representative on the Allied War Council. Then he was recalled to Whitehall, where he was when Ludendorff's coup in the spring of 1918 dismayed the Allied countries. It did not dismay Sir Henry Wilson, because it came out exactly as he had expected. In point of fact he had accurately located the attack in a war game which he had played at Versailles. It was this break through that brought to a head the idea of unity in command, and at last Foch was appointed Generalissimo of the Allied Army.

Foch justified his appointment to the hilt. In addition to his vast knowledge of military science, he had the supreme gift of leadership. He could inspire armies and lead them to victory in the manner of the great commanders of history. And he never knew when he was beaten. Early in the war, when he was in command of the 9th Army between Sézanne and Mailly, after being three times on the defensive and forced into retreat, he succeeded in drawing the enemy into the marshes of St. Gond and victory followed retreat. It is true that the Germans had been retiring the day before, but this went a long way towards completing their discomfiture. It was Wilson who first recognised that in a unity of command alone lay the hope of success for the Allies, and it is to his credit that long before the genius of Foch for leadership had once and for all been demonstrated, he had recognised his potentialities.

Such, in rough outline, is the career of a man who, beginning as a subaltern in 1884, received the baton of a Field-Marshal in 1919. With it he wears the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour and the Grand Cross of the Russian White Eagle, but a mere enumeration of the steps in his career goes only a little way towards revealing his individuality. Sir Henry Wilson is a man of many sides. He was at his best during those tragic days when the British Army was being withdrawn from Belgium. They did not know what had gone wrong; Wilson did. His first object had been to use Le Cateau as the central point of resistance, being absolutely convinced that the Germans would make their entry into France through Belgium—the cockpit of Europe. Foch was of the same opinion, but Joffre, who was in command, held that as the French were not going to ignore their obligation to Belgium he was not going to assume that the German enemy was going to do so either.



George R. I. June 15th 1918.

A GOOD CAUSE AND A SYMPATHETIC EAR.

Therefore, he concentrated on the east and not on the north. All the time Wilson kept trying to induce him to get nearer Belgium, and to some extent succeeded, but not in a way to affect the issue. Nevertheless, when catastrophe seemed to be the result, there was no officer in the British Army who showed a finer combination of gallantry in himself and of power to cheer and encourage the retreating Army. He could tell the truth to his equals in position, but would do anything sooner than discourage the rank and file. It was the same in every retreat and every bad position in which he found himself. He met a rebuff not stoically, but with a cheerfulness that amounted to gaiety, and his strength of brain and body came out under the very stress and storm which depressed others. His nerves at all times seem to have been of iron, and whatever happened

he was always unperturbed. In conversation he is fertile. An intense thinker and student, his thoughts traverse all countries and all centuries, and his views of the present conditions are as sane and wise as those of the very wisest of his contemporaries. It is as the greatest of Staff Officers that he has figured most. The war came to a close just at a time when he had reached a position in which he would have been called upon to exercise other qualities, and he would not have failed. It is related by one who was present when in the tempestuous Cowes Week of last year he fell overboard and was saved after being twenty minutes in the water that his remark was: "God must have something more for me to do or He would not have saved me this time." It is a saying that his countrymen will remember.

NIAGARA FALLS IN WINTER

BY MARY A. POYNTER.

WE were told on February 5th, by the residents in the neighbourhood, that not for many years had the Niagara Falls presented so many and beautiful ice pictures as since this New Year began.

How this fall of great waters may have looked in the winters of other years we cannot speak from personal knowledge, but this year Falls, frost and spray have combined to furnish not only pictures on a vast scale, but also dainty fairyland

vistas that the eye beholds with pleasure as well as with great wonderment. In what glistening dress has the spray, blown from the leaping, roaring waters, clothed the branches of the trees and shrubs of the islands on the brink of the Falls and in the parks on either side!

After leaving Lake Erie, the waters rush down hill in such haste, just before taking their great leap, that even the coldest of winters cannot unite the cakes of ice that float upon the



'O, YE FROST AND COLD.'

Niagara River's surface. But immediately below the Falls the waters seem to pause a moment, as if to take breath, and if the frost be keen, cakes of ice from above and frozen foam and spray collecting together make the famous ice bridge—a broken, irregular, yet solid, mass from shore to shore. In winters gone by, when this ice bridge has been formed, pedestrians were allowed to make their way across this ice span; but since it has been shown to be more or less insecure in that it may break up at the most unexpected moment (as it did a few winters ago) and carry rash venturers to their destruction, both the Canadian and American authorities have forbidden people to cross this bridge of winter's building.

This winter the ice bridge was intact for no more than a quarter of a mile; soon the waters, confined to a deep, narrow gorge below the Falls, burst through to the surface and, breaking up the ice, carry it down to be tossed by the rapids and whirled by the currents of the whirlpool in those amazing reaches of the lower river before it takes a sudden turn and slips quietly into the bosom of Lake Ontario.

Charm and grandeur combine here in winter no less than in summer—the cold diamond taking the place of emerald in the trees, so different are the effects of cold or warmth upon moisture. The eager waters of the great cataract create rainbows and at the same time thunder a challenge to anything that would stay them in their course.

At the foot of the Falls we came out upon an ice platform with a part of the great greenish-blue flood seeming to pour

almost directly down upon our heads. Ice and water was all about us: ice, frozen into a wavelike surface under our feet; ice stalactites, cyclopean in size, hanging from above and the mass of falling water sending up a white mist to freeze into shining crystals upon any object to which it clung. We visited ice-bedecked Goat Island and the other smaller islands that part the waters and seem to hang suspended in mid-stream on the brink of the Falls. There was a large flock of seagulls following the path of the river, but no other form of bird life was to be seen. A hardy grey squirrel found it needed well sharpened toes to climb an icy tree trunk to his provision store in a hollow opening well up among the branches; otherwise, nature seemed dead.

We found on the Canadian side, close to the marvellous Horseshoe Falls—the most impressive falls of all—a deposit of frozen mist many feet deep, and the white cloud from the surging cataract blowing our way, we, in turn, should have been mistily ice-coated had we lingered there for any length of time.

Only occasionally does wandering man come across so impressive and awe-inspiring a scene as that of Niagara Falls, and it seems a pity that this wonder of the new world could not have remained in undisturbed, undisputed grandeur as it was when Father Hennipen, said to be the first white man to behold it, came this way in 1678. The red man looked upon it for who knows how many ages—looked upon it, doubtless revered it, as a manifestation of the Great Spirit, and went his way.

DUNFANAGHY

DUNFANAGHY is a raven. She was born in the early spring of 1917, on the cliffs below the Horn Head lighthouse in County Donegal. She was taken from her nest when very young and sold to us about three months later. No one here had seen a raven, and her arrival caused tremendous excitement. She had had a long journey, and having been in her box from the day before, we were afraid that on being let out she might fly away in disgust. So the box was opened in the stable with all doors and windows shut, and Dunfanaghy flew out, and lighting on the side of a loose box yelled for food; we gave her bread and milk, pouring it down her throat in spoonfuls, while she flapped her wings and tried to swallow spoon and all. Her wings were unclipped and she had always had absolute freedom, so, though we were afraid of her flying away, it seemed better to take the risk than to make her miserable by cutting her wing, and the next morning she was let out to inspect her new home. At first she flew very little and was always to be found in the yard; later she spent her days in the garden and was often seen walking along the wall. The cherries began to disappear in an extraordinary way, but no one suspected the raven until weeks later, when the nets were being taken down; rows of wizened cherries were found on top of the wall. Dunfanaghy had pulled them through the net, one by one, and carried them there. About a year afterwards she again seemed to like being in the garden, this time we were more suspicious and on going to find out what she was doing, found that some apple trees, which had been grafted by the County Council expert, had attracted her attention; two were mere stumps, completely ruined, and several were badly damaged. Rabbit-netting cages had to be put over the others to prevent

her getting near them. Early in September Dunfanaghy disappeared, no trace of her could be found. We gave up hope, thinking she had either joined other ravens, or was dead, but about six weeks later, being afraid that some one might have found her, we advertised in the local newspapers and almost at once got a message from a farm about seven miles away saying they had found a bird which might be our raven. A search party went off at once and there was Dunfanaghy in a large wooden box with a wire front, the bottom of the box being covered with dead chickens in various stages of decay. The box was near the farmhouse door and on fine days Dunfanaghy was taken on to a small grass patch and tethered by her leg to a stump of a tree, so that she might get some exercise. Her feathers were all dirty and bedraggled and the leg by which she had been tethered raw and swollen. She had come to the farm six weeks before, and alighted in a field in which the people were



MAKING A MEAL OF A RABBIT.



DUNFANAGHY AND HER FRIENDS.

working, and being very hungry had allowed them to catch her. Until seeing our advertisement they had no idea what kind of bird she was and it was only after that that they had tried feeding her on dead chickens. When she was safely home again we cut her wing and she very soon settled down. Unfortunately chicken diet had been most demoralising, and one of the first things she did was to kill a tame rook, and when her wing grew again we found that not only had she learnt to kill rooks, but that beheading chickens and hens was her favourite amusement. She did not kill to eat, and having taken off the head and hidden it, left the body untouched. Since then her wing has been cut several times when she has become unbearable in the fowl-yard, as we find that she seldom tries to kill a hen unless she can fly away if caught in the act. She does not visit the fowl-yard much in winter, but in spring and summer is always on the look-out for mischief.

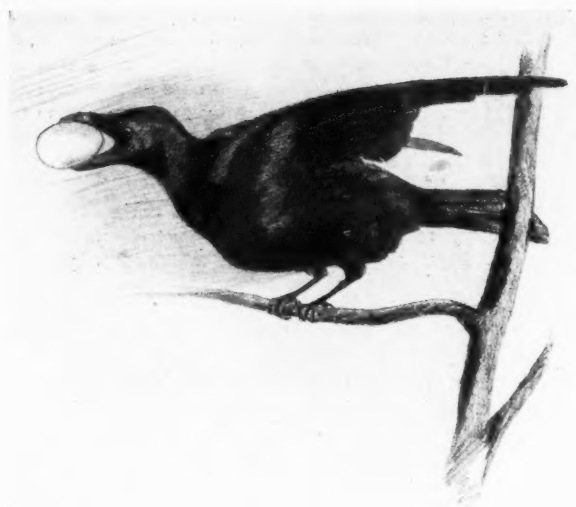
Last winter wild ravens came to visit her and tried to induce her to go away with them; they flew round and round, calling her to go to them, while Dunfanaghy, instead of going, would show off, and lighting on our heads, or pecking at our feet, would force us to pay her attention. When the others left she always went with them, but never stayed for more than an hour or two. She is very jealous and hates jackdaws and rooks. The jackdaws are the bravest and try to mob her, flying round her or lighting on branches above her, cawing their hate, but none dares come within her reach. The rooks are less daring, and except near the nesting season, rarely come to the rookery in daylight when Dunfanaghy is about. Last spring she refused to let them start building and, as luck is supposed to "go with the rooks," her wing had to be cut. Morning after morning they came and she refused to let them settle, until by eight o'clock not one was to be seen. As soon as her wing was cut they came and in a day or two were building as if nothing had ever happened. Several times she has found her way into the house through open windows, and once spent a happy hour in a bedroom undiscovered, pulling



DUNFANAGHY'S PREDACIOUS BEAK.

off quilts, tearing pillow cases, arranging hair brushes, soap, candles and matches in rows on the floor, breaking china ornaments, and finally flying off with a bottle of pills. Chase was given, but the bottle was only recovered when Dunfanaghy, having broken a hole in the side, had eaten at least twenty pills!

She comes to the dining-room window sill to be fed, and not long ago lit on the window sill of the room in which the parrot lives. Polly hates her, and losing his head, flew out at the opposite window. No one saw him go, and for hours no trace of him could be found. Dunfanaghy was caught and shut up, spending two unhappy days in prison, while efforts were made to recover Polly. Men and ropes, ladders and fishing rods all proved useless; with every fresh effort Polly only flew higher. Everyone gave advice; some said cut the tree, others light a fire below him, and some suggested shooting off the branch he was on. By the third day we were becoming tired of parrot hunting, and when the rooks, finding no raven, came to inspect their homes, the noise was so deafening that we could not hear Polly as he moved from tree to tree overhead, and decided to let out Dunfanaghy and risk her eating Polly. She had not been out long before she made for the tree, hopping nearer, branch by branch. Polly got more and more nervous and just as Dunfanaghy came near enough to reach him, being able to stand it no longer, flew, and having for the first time seen danger above him came down, and was recaptured, while Dunfanaghy, sitting on a tree, watched her longed-for green breakfast being



CARRYING OFF AN EGG.

carried into safety. One terrible day she drank weed killer from a puddle in the yard. No one had any idea what steps should be taken and as the tin was labelled "Poison," and had a notice on it, cautioning users to keep all game off the place for at least one week, it seemed hopeless. An hour afterwards she flew to a chimney pot and was violently sea-sick. The village doctor was appealed to for help, but never having prescribed for a raven was a little uncertain about the dose; he sent a bottle of some yellow mixture with instructions for it to be "taken in a tumblerful of warm water with a tablespoonful of washing soda"; by that time it was almost dark and Dunfanaghy had decided to sleep off the effects, and was on an unget-at-able perch, so we had to leave her undosed, and next morning she was perfectly well. She is a most inquisitive bird and, like a jackdaw, loves all bright things. Visitors have to be warned to leave nothing in their motors, unless carefully guarded, and she is always on the look-out for the unwary. During the war and scarcity she took two pounds of butter and one of lard from a motor while the owner was at lunch. Another unsuspecting victim found, on preparing for home, the front seat torn to shreds, and Dunfanaghy trailing horsehair round the yard, and another guest lost half a pound of prunes. The bread cart is a great joy, and in this country where the breadman carries groceries on the top of the cart in small parcels it is an easy prey. Once, on coming out from delivering his goods, he found her removing a pound of sausages, and on examining his supplies, found that one pound had already been moved to safety. Nearly all her food is hidden. Some she must forget, but she is often seen coming home after a long fly and, going straight to some hidden storehouse, pulling away a stick or bundle of withered leaves and unearthing some long hidden treasure. Above all, she loves eggs, stealing them out of the hen houses and carrying them off in her beak to eat in some safe place or store for future use. She uses her beak for carrying, but sometimes steadies bones or bigger things with her feet when eating them. Her chief food is meat, but she is very fond of cheese and butter, and will eat potatoes or cake. She kills frogs, mice, young rats, and sometimes birds for herself. A long time is spent in her toilet daily, and on wet



CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

days she baths in puddles; if they are shallow she turns on her back and lies kicking with her legs in the air to get thoroughly wet. She teases the dogs, pulling their tails when they are sleeping, and pecks the ankles of the unsuspecting, having a particular fancy for grey stockings. She takes long flies, and is

often seen six or seven miles from home, and though we fear she will come to an untimely end, no one has the heart to cut her wing as long as she behaves. She takes such delight in her freedom, it seems kinder to risk a tragedy than prevent her enjoying life.

H. G. YOUNG.

THE BRITISH THOROUGHBRED

SPEED VERSUS STAMINA AND SOUNDNESS.

[Our veteran correspondent, who is in his ninetieth year, writes vigorously, but, though his arguments are interesting, it is very doubtful whether any breeder of bloodstock will prove altruistic enough to put his proposals into practice.—Ed.]

AN enthusiast as to breeding, with some sixty years experience of racehorses, I have of late found the conviction growing upon me that we have sacrificed the substance for the shadow. Speed we have attained, and I know well that a speedy miler—speedier than his rivals—is a fine mercantile proposition; but in attaining speed we have lost stamina—staying power, temper and, more than all, soundness of wind and limb. My strong impression is that for the last hundred years we have bred too closely in and in, losing stamina and constitution; that the powers of our public stallions are over-taxed in their short season of little more than ninety days with forty mares. No guide is so safe as Nature. The wild stallion selects his mob of twenty to twenty-five mares each season, to whom he strictly confines his attentions, driving off all intruders.

How else can we account for the hundreds of thoroughbred weeds, bred every year, that never see the starter's flag, and for which, now motors have superseded the covert hack and hansom cabs are obsolete, there is absolutely no use? A thousand and more thoroughbreds are bred every year. How often can one find four Cup horses in one year? After a mile and a quarter you can count the stayers on your fingers.

Take the weights for the Cesarewitch any year. You may narrow them down. There will only be some four horses alive, at the end of two miles, to contest the last quarter. How many years is it since we have bred a horse like Isonomy, who could win at all distances under any weight? In speed, even, we have reached the limit. The time is no better now than fifty years ago, say, in Lord Lyon's year—1866; while Flying Childers, to go back to ancient history, shows both speed and staying power. He is reported to have run the Beacon Course, 4 miles, 1 furlong, 138yds., in 7 minutes 30 seconds. Flying Childers was by the Darley Arabian, to whom we owe Eclipse. To the Byerley Turk we owe the Herod blood, to which the Tetrarch group strain back through Roi Herode. In fact, our present thoroughbred stock are only eligible for the Stud Book because they strain back in unbroken line to one or other of the Eastern sires our blood is identical with the Arab strain, which by constant selection for purity of descent has become the prepotent representative of Eastern blood.

This brings me to my point. The present season of drought, with long-continued hardness of the training ground, has brought out and emphasised the latent unsoundness of the greater number of our present racehorses. There are four yearlings, now two year olds, that cost £38,000 that have not yet been able to stand training. Money alone will not buy perfection. Hundreds of horses have been unable to be brought to the post this season; while the few, whose conformation, natural lightness of action, and perfect soundness, enabled them to extend themselves on the hard ground, have carried off race after race.

What is the use of giving £10,000 for a yearling if he has one weak point which will not stand hard training? The strength of a chain is that of its weakest link. You must have perfect mechanism, true conformation, tendons and ligaments like steel to stand the final winding up, especially if the ground is hard. The climate of Great Britain has altered greatly of late years. Who can say we shall not have this drought repeated?

For two hundred years we have bred in direct line from the Arab; but by too close breeding in and in we have lost soundness and staying power. It is my settled conviction that we must go back to the parent strain, and dip into the pure Arab blood, to give us back all we have lost. At first we should lose speed to some extent, but in seven to ten years the breeder

who has judgment and patience to make the plunge would rule the Turf. In having recourse to the Arab there is no outcross; the blood is identical.

For twenty years I have watched the Arab horse imported direct from the desert and bred in England; in our climate he has increased to 15h. 2ins. in height. By constant selection he has almost good shoulders, while his weight-carrying power behind the saddle is enormous, with muscular thighs and second thighs, clean, well formed houghs, giving extraordinary propelling power, with low galloping action. Bred pure for countless generations on the hard sand and rocky ground of the desert, trained to carry heavy weights over long distances, Nature has developed in the Arab flat, fine cannon bones, with tendons and ligaments like steel, sloping, elastic pasterns, with tough, hard feet that will stand the strain of the hardest sward. As an instance of endurance: on July 27th, 1840, at Bangalore, an Arab covered 400 miles in four consecutive days. His one fault is a hand's breadth want of length behind the shoulder and a little want of depth and girth; but his round barrel seems to leave plenty of room for lung play, as shown by his staying for ever. He has the best of tempers and is game to the last. I can point to four stallions from twenty, fifteen, ten and five years old whose conformation is exactly alike. They breed marvellously true to type.

My proposal is this: Without interfering in any way with the present stud working on the old line, I would set aside a small capital. I would select six speedy English mares with good length and shoulders and put them to Arab stallions of which I undertake to get service. I would buy six or more Arab mares, which I undertake to find, of the best blood and put them to a very speedy stallion, such as one of the Tetrarch group. At two years old I would mate produce, if a filly, with the thoroughbred, and her produce again; if a colt, as a gelding he should make a weight-carrying hunter or possibly a steeple-chase horse and pay for breeding. In seven years you would have three-quarter thoroughbred fit to race; in ten years pure thoroughbred, graded up from the Arab. I am confident it is the only way to stop the deterioration of our present racing stock. You must dip back into parent Arab blood of pure unbroken pedigree. The oldest blood will, as always, be dominant in the new strain, giving stamina and soundness.

A review of the racing season of 1921 gives grave ground for consideration. Not one horse stands out pre-eminent as a Cup horse. The failure of all our best class three year olds to "make good" or stand training is unprecedented. Humourist wins Derby; falls dead from innate weakness. Craig an Eran second in Derby; fails to stay in St. Leger. Alan Breck unable to stand training. Lemonora wins Grand Prix and breaks down. Ascot Cup won by a handicapper; Goodwood Plate won by a hurdle racer; Spearwort withdrawn.

How few of our brilliant sires are absolutely sound when they go to stud? They are returned to the stud to perpetuate in their stock the innate delicacy which has prevented them training on to their fourth or fifth year.

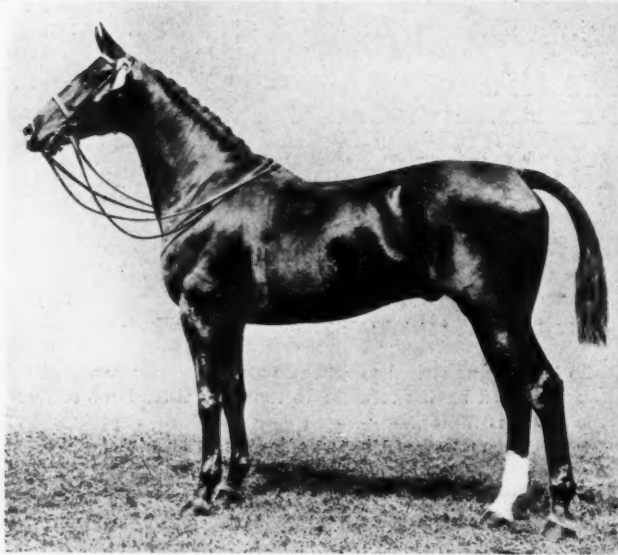
The running in last year's Cesarewitch strongly corroborates my views. With all our best handicap horses entered, only one horse, Yutoi, could stay on and race at the end of 2½ miles.

To any breeder to whom my proposition carries conviction, who is desirous to breed sound horses that can stay, I would point out that the trial could be made at very small cost, without in any way interfering with the existing English stud.

All points to the absence of stamina and staying power—the only remedy is a return to the parent blood of the pure-bred Arab.

RUSSELL ENGLAND. (Late Captain 4th Hussars.)

HUNTERS AT ISLINGTON



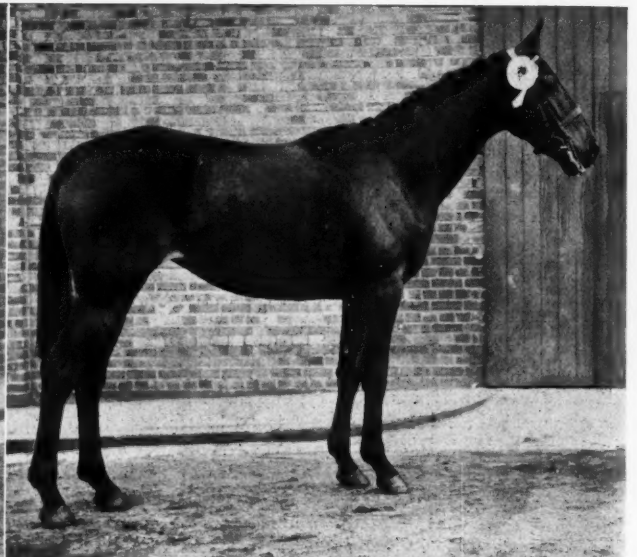
THE CHAMPION HUNTER: MR. G. HOBOKIN'S GOLDFINDER.



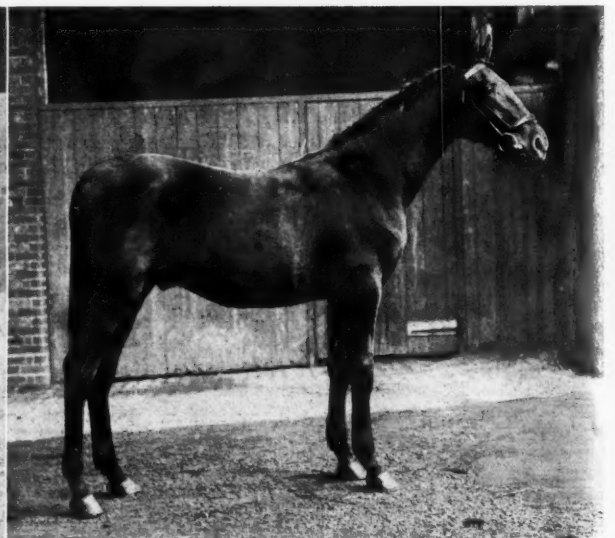
MR. B. G. BISHOP'S DAWN, THE RESERVE CHAMPION.



MESSRS. MCMORRAN BROTHERS' GOLDEN CREST, THE JUNIOR CHAMPION



MR. E. GUY FENWICK'S SANTA GERTRUDIS, RESERVE JUNIOR CHAMPION.

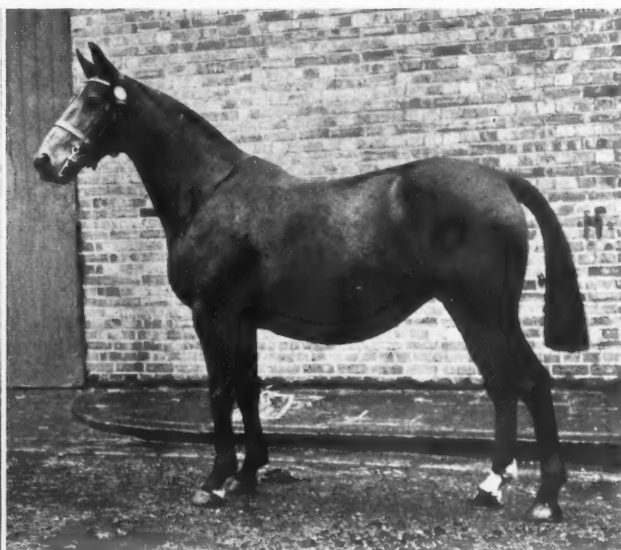
W. A. Rouch.
MR. R. P. CAWSEY'S GAY LASSIE, THE BEST YEARLING FILLY.Copyright.
MAJOR E. M. WATT'S COUGHLIN, THE BEST YEARLING COLT.

Perhaps the chief topic of conversation last week, during the successful show of the Hunters' Improvement Society, was the disastrous effect on light horse breeding of the threatened withdrawal of Government support. That the "Premium" stallions have done incalculable good is unquestionable. Their appearance at the Agricultural Hall is, in itself, a valuable object lesson each year.

CHAMPIONS AT THE PONY SHOW



FIELD-MARSHAL: THE CHAMPION POLO BRED STALLION.
Winner of COUNTRY LIFE Trophy.



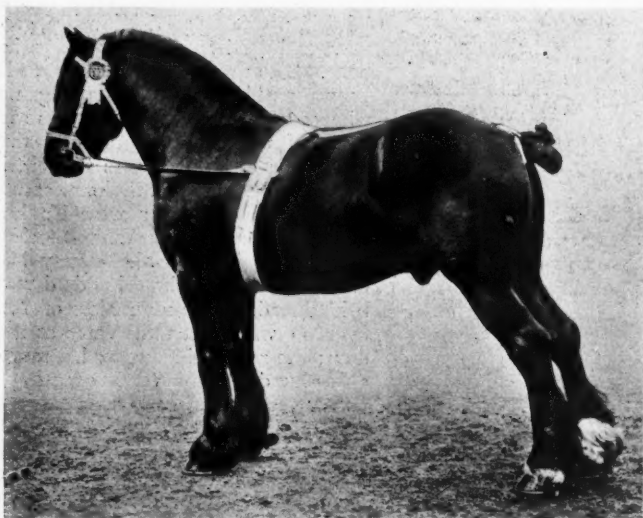
WAITING MAID: THE CHAMPION POLO BRED MARE.



RUSTY: THE CHAMPION OF THE BREEDING CLASSES.

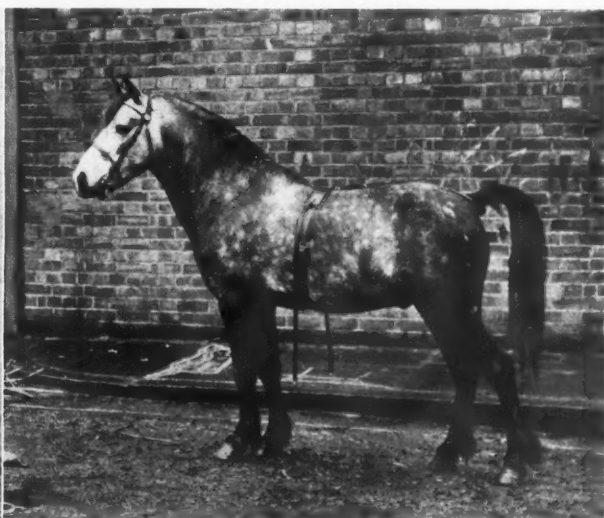


POLLYANNA: THE CHAMPION OF THE RIDING CLASSES.



W. A. Rouch.

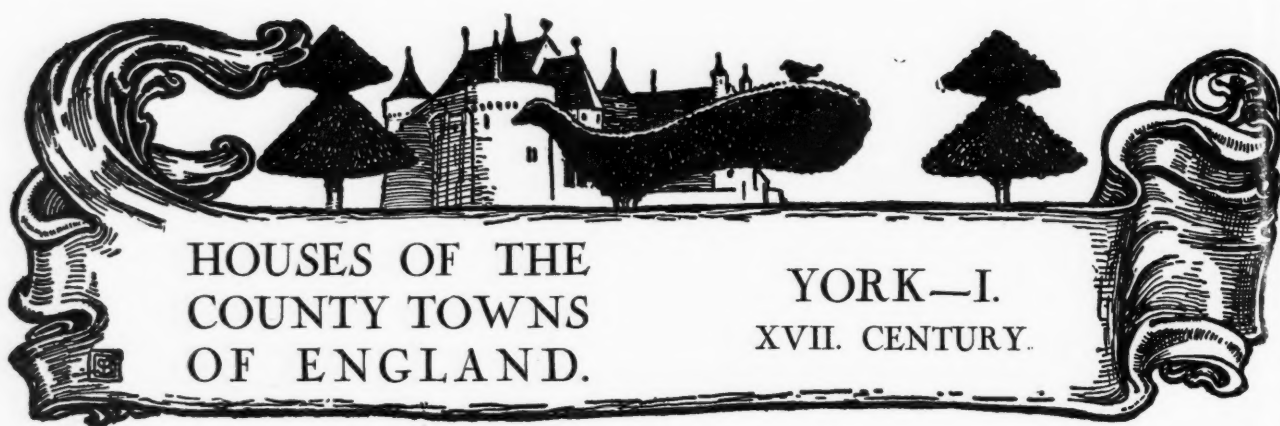
LINNEL COMET: THE CHAMPION MOUNTAIN AND
MOORLAND STALLION.



GROVE SPRIGHTLY: THE CHAMPION WELSH PONY
STALLION.

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If the value of the thoroughbred in light horse breeding was emphasised at the Hunter Show, the vital importance of our native ponies was not lost sight of during the National Pony Society's Show. Should the need for economies reduce Government grants for light horse breeding, the work of the Society for our mountain and moorland breeds will assume greater value than ever. Every horse-lover should join its ranks.



THERE is about York a quality hard to define, and not to be met with in the streets of every old town. If you happen to approach this city from the north, from the direction of Malton, you see the vast mass of the Minster towering upon the flat horizon long before there is any evidence of surrounding houses. Its majesty hypnotises, and it is with a kind of fascination that you watch it growing taller and

more huge as, almost unconsciously, you come nearer to the city gates. From this direction you see the great church in profile, the roof forming one straight line from east to west, broken exactly in the middle by the square central tower; it is a very high tower and quite bare in silhouette, with no battlements or pinnacles; the two smaller western towers alone show any ornament against the sky. The memory of this gigantic

monument never quite fades out of your mind, so that, going about your business in the town, you feel that there is something of majesty in the place. Nor is it entirely a reflected majesty, nor a majesty of decay, but a majesty of present things. York has been the capital of England; for centuries it was the capital of the North, with a great trade in the Baltic and the northern seas; until the end of the eighteenth century it had sufficient of the "capital" about it for noblemen to build fine houses at its gates, and it is something of this "grand air" that remains. Even to-day it is a residential centre; you cannot get a house in or about it save at great expense of love and money. Of course, the reason is that the York and Ainsty Hunt meet almost beneath the city walls, that it is well supplied with railways to all parts of England, and because the people who live here for those reasons are pleasant hospitable people, fond of golf and tennis and polo in their spare time. Therefore others continually take their places, if they break their necks, or go to any of the other parts of England to which the railways transport them so conveniently. In short, York is one of the pleasantest of places to inhabit, providing good fellowship, good sport and good food, and it always has been. The sentimental antiquary, who knows nothing of the city's gaiety, who comes with no introductions save those of the history book—and they are to the dead—discovers himself, in spite of himself, in just the same society as if Colonel Crupper were his host and the radiant Misses White-Stocking were taking him to the county ball, only he is two or three hundred years behindhand. The reputation of York in 1600 was exactly the same as it is now; the residential quarter has moved a few hundred yards further south, the fox trot, rather than the lavolta or the gavotte, is the popular dance, and tea is now considered more refreshing than stingo, but the society has not changed. A Roxburgh ballad, dated 1584, sums up York of to-day as neatly as it did then, when we read the lines:

Yorke, Yorke, for my monie of all the cities that ever I see
For mery pastime & companie, except the cite of London.

When you go to York, therefore, you can choose your society. You can live



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1.—THE WHITE HORSE, CLIFTON.
A late seventeenth century porch.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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2.—STONEGATE, LOOKING TOWARDS THE MINSTER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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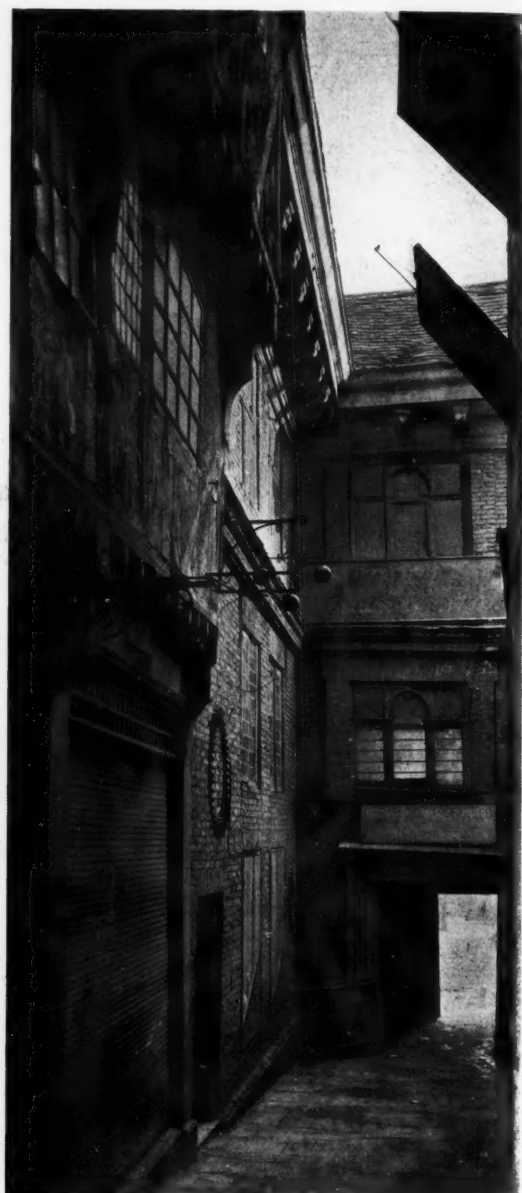
in the present—nowhere better. Or you can pick your century and live in the past—nowhere better. A stranger, in the present, however kind are his hosts, must inevitably feel a little out of it. But in the past he is head and shoulders above his friends—for he is alive, and they are dead; he can accost the greatest, and they will be pleased to talk with him; he can rowdy it with the night watch, and run no risk of ending the night in the fine eighteenth century gaol up at the castle. His only difficulty will be to choose his century—for he finds the remains of forgotten ages superimposed layer by layer upon each other.

If he choose the seventeenth century, our antiquary must be a strong-limbed, strong-headed and strong-stomached individual, for he has got not only to live through a siege, but to survive an enormous amount of eating and drinking. So late as 1750 Francis Drake, the usually eulogistic county historian,

Until the Civil Wars York actually was the administrative capital of Northern England. From 1538 till 1640 the Council of the North, housed in the King's Manor without Bootham Bar, formed a tribunal of life and death in serious rivalry to the more constitutional powers of the justices. Yet the officials of the Council must not a little have contributed to the gaiety of things. Early in James I's reign Howell, secretary to the then Lord President, Lord Scrope, wrote to a friend that York was altogether addicted to sherry wine, though a large, and later very influential, part of the population were numbered among the votaries of stingo—an ale for which the city was as famous then as the county now is for its pudding. The virtues of stingo at one time placed the name of York upon a greater number of inn signs than any other city save London, and, for all that the thinner reforming sort of people can say, to be on an inn sign is something near to fame.



3.—(a) SIR THOMAS HERBERT'S HOUSE IN PAVEMENT.
Circa 1560.



(b) SIDE OF SAME, IN LADY PECKITT'S YARD, SHOWING
ADDITION. Circa 1670.

blushing in his type, confesses that feasting to excess with one another is still strongly in use at York. A little earlier, in Queen Anne's reign, a play called "The Northern Heiress, or The Humours of York," describes the kind of life for which our friend must be prepared:

Sir Jeffery: Is it your custom to go to one another's houses, guzzle five or six quarts of ale, and then club round to pay for it?

Lady Ample: Nay, *Sir Jeffery*, if you find fault with our proceedings you must not be admitted into our society. I do assure you this humour prevails all the town over, and every trivial occasion brings them together.

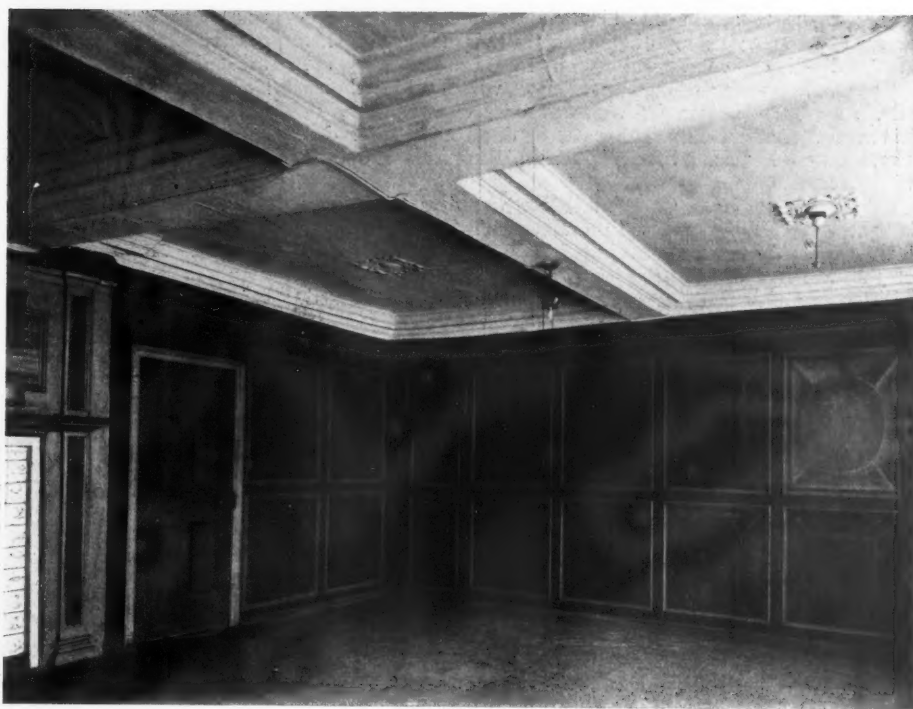
Isabella: Aye, the good people are resolved to share both your pleasure & your pain, provided they may have a little victuals & drink to keep up their spirits.

It was this difference of opinion, with all that it stood for, which divided England during the middle of the century. The struggles of the time were waged just as hotly in the kitchen and bar-parlour as in the field and Parliament House. "The late refinements in knowledge," wrote Swift, "ran parallel to those of diet in our nation, which among men of taste, are dressed up in various compounds consisting of *soups* and *olios*, *fricasses* and *ragouts*." The great issues were inextricably mixed: soup or *purée*, stingo or port, Sovereign or Parliament.

One of the jolliest fellows in York used to be Thomas Herbert. He was born in 1606, the son or grandson of Christopher Herbert, who from 1572-74 was Governor of the Merchant Adventurers. The origin of these Herberts is difficult to trace, and nothing certain is known of them. They appear to have

been descended from Sir Richard Herbert of Raglan Castle, *temp.* Henry V, whose son was made Earl of Pembroke (the first creation) in 1462. On the other hand, Thomas, as a young man, was kindly treated by William, third Earl of Pembroke. Thomas's home was the house now known as Wilsons, in Pavement, which was built by Christopher about 1560, the land having been purchased for £36 in 1557 from the Merchant Adventurers, who previously had tenements here. Thomas must have been a lad of considerable promise, for he was not only sent to Cambridge, but also to Oxford, his good kinsman the earl giving him some assistance. He then travelled widely in Africa and Asia, and on returning home was invited to Baynard's Castle to recount his adventures to Lord Pembroke. Full of pleasant expectations, he presented himself upon the appointed evening; but—how vain are human expectations!—my lord had died that very day, at the early age of fifty. Thomas soon again went on his travels, this time through Persia, India and to the Spice Islands, some account of which he published on his return in 1634. By that time, however, the old house in Pavement had been sold, and Thomas had gone into lodgings in Petergate; we may suspect that these later rooms, though better suited to the means of a rolling stone such as he, were not so pleasant—for his home had certainly been good to look at from the outside (Fig. 3), with its great bargeboards and plate-beams carved in vine trails. The inside, which remains much as it was, though divided by partitions, was, on the first floor, one long room, panelled, with a cornice and a frieze, immediately below the cornice, of longish panels of carved Jacobean design. The ceiling beams are also carved, and the great overmantel which, in the manner of the time, filled all the space above the chimney-piece is of carved oak, with pillars, and occasional bosses of some lighter wood, highly polished.

We may imagine Thomas something of a buccaneer, but something of a Herbert, too. At the outbreak of the Civil Wars, having, we may suspect, a hearty ignorance of politics, he sided with the men whom he happened to like; being numbered among the stingo drinkers, he accordingly joined Sir Thomas Fairfax. In 1646, however, his duties associating him with Charles at Holdenby House, he was won over by that gentle but scheming monarch, and, doubtless, was not an unimportant agent in arousing the second Civil War.



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4.—UPPER ROOM AT THE BLACK SWAN. Circa 1670.

"C.L."



Copyright.

5.—THE BLACK SWAN, PEASEHOLME GREEN.
Built in 1560. Redecorated circa 1670. Home of General Wolfe's mother

"C.L."

It is curious to see in this his family sympathies breaking through a bourgeois upbringing and the habits of his manhood—the Herbert coming out in him. Above all, however, he was an excellent fellow who could tell his tale, so at the Restoration he was created a baronet, of Tintern, Monmouthshire. His son in due course succeeded him, though he came back to Yorkshire to live, and died without issue.

The house, when Christopher Herbert died, had been bought by Sir Roger Jaques, a prominent merchant. In 1633, when Strafford was at the height of his power in the Council of the North and had just been nominated to the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, King Charles came to York and dined

Christmas-like." But, all the time, the struggle was coming nearer. The Stingo men and the Parliament men came together, while the sherry drinkers and the king drinkers foregathered. Chief among these latter were Henry, Lord Bellasyse, Sir William Savile, Edward Osborne, John Ramsden, Ingram Hopton and Francis Nevil—all great men in the county round about. On the other side were, of course, Sir Thomas and Ferdinando Lord Fairfax, Thomas Mauleverer of Arncliffe, William Lister, Thomas Herbert and, above all and inciting all, old Sir John Bouchier, who lived in Micklegate. Bouchier lived to be a regicide. He had had a long and bitter quarrel with Wentworth over some land that belonged to him in Galtres Forest. Wentworth appears to have annexed it in one of the forest

enlargements which did so much to set the country gentry against the king. Sir John had met King Charles hunting there in 1633, and we hear later of "an affront" on that occasion. Wentworth, writing from Ireland, refers to Bouchier's "insolent carriage as his daily bread . . . the man is little better than mad," and advises that he be made to feel the offence. He was eventually fined £1,000, which Strafford admits came most opportunely for the finishing of the "new gallery" at the manor house (COUNTRY LIFE, Vol. I, page 544).

In 1642 the parched tempers caught alight. York, under the loyal but lazy Lord of Carlisle, was for the king; "but at first setting out the gentlemen of both sides were so cautious of involving the county in war that a treaty was set on foot by the Earl (of Carlisle) betwixt Ferdinando Lord Fairfax," suspending hostilities indefinitely. Sir Thomas Glemham, however, a professional soldier and Governor of York, attacked Sir Thomas Fairfax at Wetherby, was repulsed and retired on the city. The gentlemen of Yorkshire then sent for the Earl of Newcastle to come with his White Regiment and command them, which he did, and with their help during the next year regained all the North to the King's allegiance. During 1643 York was so full of soldiers that as many as 500 were frequently billeted in one parish, and scarce a night happened without quarrels, blood and murder in which the governor in trying to appease the disputants was like on several occasions to have lost his life. The Castle, Davey Hall and Merchant Adventurers' Hall were full of prisoners and fever. In March the Queen arrived from the Low Countries with artillery, money and, "besides

a company of savage Russians, a company of *savage Bears*"—or so "A Perfect Diurnal," etc., of 1643 gravely asserts.

In May, 1644, Sir Thomas Fairfax and General Leslie defeated Lord Bellasyse in the battle of Selby and advanced on York. Leslie on the left commanded all troops south of the Ouse and repulsed a sally amid the burning Micklegate suburbs. Fairfax, on the east of the city, extended his troops from the Ouse to Walmgate. Until the Earl of Manchester's arrival, however, Bootham and the north-western approaches to the city lay open. June was largely occupied in negotiation, but on Trinity Sunday an assault—the only serious one—was made on Marygate Tower, where the walls of St. Mary's leave Bootham and turn towards the river. A breach, still to be seen, was made, but Newcastle's White Regiment quartered in the King's



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6.—STAIRCASE AT THE BLACK SWAN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Similar work exists in Lady Peckitt's Yard, and behind Mr. Holmes' greengrocery shop in Petergate—formerly the Talbot Tavern.

one night with the then Lord Mayor, Mr. Allanson, who lived opposite Jaques' house where the suite were entertained. Allanson, who received the honour of knighthood, was at heart against the King, and must have felt a little uncomfortable that night. Next time that the King came to York, in 1640, the complaisance which in 1633 had enabled Sir William Allanson to bend his knee had worn somewhat thinner; the King lodged with old Sir Robert Ingrams, who had been knighted by James I in 1613 and whose great house lay to the north of the Minster beside the ramparts. One Brayley, writing in 1634, was enraptured by the place. We read of "gardens with curiously long walks, with many kinds of beasts to the life"; inside, "rich furniture in every room, princelike; his family & attendants, courtlike; his free and generous entertainment,

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manor threw back the assailants. In spite of the licentious soldiery within and continual, if ineffective, bombardments and burnings without, the citizens of York seem to have made little change in their demeanour. Like Londoners at Zeppelintide, they professed themselves agreeably entertained by the efforts of their adversaries. Yet great congregations knelt in the Minster, and we hear of glorious Psalm singing in those stricken days. Once a cannon ball crashed through a window, "dancing about among the pillars like a child at play." Yet with how much joy and ringing of bells and laughter did the people of York receive Prince Rupert and his advance guard of cavalry at the end of June! On news of his laying at Knaresborough with 20,000 men the besiegers had drawn off to Marston Moor, west of the city. The Prince had imperative orders from the King, who lay at Oxford, to fight immediately. Against his better judgment Newcastle agreed, and on July 2nd, late in the evening the spasmodic clatter of horsemen returning along Micklegate brought the city out of the churches to learn that the brave White Regiment were killed to a man, and that Colonel Cromwell's Ironsides had won a great victory for Sir Thomas Fairfax. The splendid Prince and the wise Earl never came back to York, and a few days later Sir Thomas Glemham surrendered to Sir Thomas Fairfax and the North was lost to King Charles. To Fairfax's love for his city we owe the preservation, almost miraculous, of the glass in the Minster, which was scarcely touched. St. Mary's North Street, St. Michael's Spurriergate and St. Michael's le Belfry were also largely spared.

Among the men of York who, after Marston Moor, never returned to their homes was Sir Marmaduke Rawdon, who used to live in the Shambles; for a time Governor of Basing, he was removed to the less important command of Farringdon; he replied to those who wondered at his humility that he was ready to take command of a mole hill if it were in His Majesty's service. The gods, as if to take him at his word, shortly afterwards gave him supreme command of a little hummock, 6ft. long, in Farringdon Churchyard and, so far as I know, he holds it still. In 1650 his son Marmaduke, whose diary is published by the Camden Society, went to his native city and lodged with our friends the Jaques, who were his relatives by marriage. Several citizens, he noted, sent in wine and cakes to drink with him and bid him welcome to the town, a custom they have in that county. Another day, after dinner, three ex-Lord Mayors who had known his father, carried him to Talbot, a tavern in Petergate. I am inclined to think that a staircase, similar to that shown in Fig. 6, is a remnant of that inn, which was itself a remnant of the mediæval hall of the Talbots. Soon afterwards he dined with the Lord Mayor, where there were



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7.—NELL GWYN'S HOUSE, CLIFTON. Circa 1660.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

8.—THE SHAMBLES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Principally butchers' shops; and on a week-day crowded with bargaining housewives.



Copyright. 9.—INTERIOR, CARLISLE HOUSE, OVERLOOKING THE RIVER. LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. "C.L."

several aldermen to keep him company, and some choice widows and maids. Lord Fairfax treated him to a meal, but at a tavern, as he had as yet no house in York. Marmaduke would seem to have been a young man of property, as several of the impoverished local nobility, including Lord Fauconberg, saw in him a husband for their daughters, "yett he was allewayes naturally averse to marriage, and sometimes, dreaminge he was married, hath wept in his

sleep very much." In another place he describes how every other afternoon he used to drive in his sister's coach, having his sister's blackamore boy running on one side of the coach, and his Spanish footboy on the other side. When they came to any town the country people would say on the one side one to another, "There's a Blackamore," and on the other side, "There goeth a Tawnie-moore." So going he once came to Elvington on the Derwent and saw the fishermen fish in little square



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10.—THE PRISON, BUILT 1701-5.

We may probably trace a French influence in this unusual façade.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

leather boats which, when they have done fishing, they carry home on their backs. They were apparently salmon fishing in the primitive coracular manner.

It was probably during the Jaques' tenancy of this house that the building shown in Fig. 3 (b) was added on behind it, in what is called Lady Peckitt's Yard. It was, until recently, the residence of a miser of the old school, who lived here in the utmost squalor, though drawers were stuffed with bank notes. Unfortunately, he allowed the interior, which contains some good wood and plasterwork of the Restoration period, to fall into terrible decay. The exterior, however, has an excellent modillioned cornice, and a very attractive ornament composed of diagonally projecting bricks arranged in a circle. The use of brick at York was curiously sparse until the beginning of the seventeenth century. Even then it was only used at the King's Manor. During the Commonwealth St. Anthony's Hall in Peaseholme Green was repaired with that material, and there are instances of it in this house, in the one along Bootham known as Nell Gwyn's house (Fig. 7), and in a ramshackle but most picturesque little building in Ogleforth. Yet so much as a century later Francis Drake could still lament that there was too little brick in York, as opposed to half-timberwork to which he was much averse.

Nothing is known about Nell Gwyn's house, nor why it bears her name. The lady was a native of Hereford and, though she may have stayed in this little house, when the King was putting up at the Old George in Coney Street, it is difficult to see why she should have chosen a place so far removed.

Almost contemporaneously with the building in Lady Peckitt's Yard the house now known as the Black Swan in Peaseholme Green was undergoing restoration (Fig. 5). In construction it is sixteenth century, a little earlier than Christopher Herbert's house, and is very similar externally to the entrance of the Merchant Adventurers' Hall. The place is connected with the name of a family of Bowes, apparently merchants, one of whom, Sir Martin, became Lord Mayor of London during the middle of that century. A Sir Thomas Bowes was living in 1579, and his son William married a daughter of a Lord Chief Justice. It is hardly credible, however, that the family lived much in this house, which, before the 1660 redecoration, must have presented few amenities. The Black Swan has an excellent Tudor doorway, and windows in which the small seventeenth century quarries yet remain. The bar and parlour, on the ground

floor, are the most picturesque that I have ever seen, containing much Elizabethan panelling, and comfortable benches, with generous backs and elbows, where you can sit very warm before the fire. The young man of the house was somewhat averse to photographs of the place being taken. "For," said he, "when people see the pictures they will come and buy it all, and take it away—like they have gutted so many other houses in this place." It is most devoutly to be hoped that no misadventure of such a nature ever will befall the Black Swan, for it is not only an almost unique example in York of Restoration interior work, but it is also historic as being the residence of Miss Thompson, who later married Colonel Wolfe, and, having moved to Rotherham, gave birth to General Wolfe. It may have been her father who put in the heavy staircase, shown in Fig. 6, which is almost the same as that in Petergate, in the house formerly the Talbot Inn, and to the one in Lady Peckitt's Yard. The upstairs room at the Black Swan (Fig. 4), with a plaster ceiling of very plain and light design well fitted to its lowness, has panels painted in neutral tints in the manner of marble, and good Delft tiles in the grate. In detail it is almost exactly similar to the work in Lady Peckitt's Yard.

The Prison, shown in Fig. 10, is by far the finest building that the seventeenth century gave to York. It was constructed during the earlier years of Anne's reign, though commenced in 1701; the stone used being quarried from the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey. It stands on Castle Hill, facing the mediæval Clifford's Tower, and flanked by Carr's two eighteenth century buildings. The elevation is unusual, with semicircular pediments to the wings and the not unpleasing bareness of the remainder. It is a curious adaptation of Late Stuart work, perhaps influenced by French taste, to Civic requirements. In its day it has been much admired, both Arthur Young and Smollett paying it high compliments, for its sanitary and humane interior. The famous Eugene Aram, who was considered a monster of wickedness in his time, though Southey wrote of his gentler side, was here confined, and the ladies used to come and look at the prisoners as they took their exercise in the space between the wings, which was then railed off, or exposed for sale trinkets that they had made. But we stray somewhat too deeply into the eighteenth century, which is to be the more particular subject of next week's article.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY. *ILL.*

EARLY GEORGIAN HOUSES

BY SYDNEY D. KITSON.

THE latest volume of "English Homes" issued from the offices of COUNTRY LIFE is that dealing with the Early Georgian period, 1714-60. When complete the series will form a wonderful panorama of all that is best in our English domestic architecture, beautifully illustrated and with an authoritative and thoroughly human text, written throughout by Mr. H. Avray Tipping. To Mr. Tipping all building is one, and his enthusiasm for every type and period of English domestic architecture is infectious as well as convincing. He may have his preferences—it is, humanly speaking, exceedingly probable that he has, seeing that he must have visited and studied more old houses than any other man in England. But he makes it his business to point out all that is most noteworthy in each period both in design and craftsmanship. He has had access to many old building accounts, from which he has brought many new facts to light. And, above all, he never forgets the human element, the people who paid the piper and called the tune, without whom nothing would have been built which has been built.

The volumes are so arranged that they will form an authoritative work of reference. A précis of the contents heads each volume. It gives the positions and, when possible, the date of each house described, together with the descent of the ownership. A short and scholarly introduction follows. The houses themselves are then described in chronological order, with a wealth of photographic illustrations. A full index completes each volume.

If the Late Stuart period, which was treated of in the previous volume, may be called the age of Wren, it is permissible to call the reign of the two first Georges "the age of Burlington." For when Lord Burlington, in 1718 or 1719, finally returned from his architectural studies in Italy, he carried out a very complete literary propaganda, which consisted in the exaltation of the work of Inigo Jones and Palladio. Wren was considered provincial and unscholarly. There were to be no more experiments in the mason's yard or the joiner's shop; all was to be dictated from the study. Mr. Tipping says in the introduction, "Inigo Jones was a pioneer of genius and resolve, working in an adverse soil, unprepared at first and then swept by the storm of civil convulsion. When prosperity returned he was dead,

having accomplished little. Inigo Jones had been forced to much study and little practice. Wren was hurled into the midst of practice without much previous study, but had capacity to learn as he went on."

Lord Burlington gathered round him an able band of professional architects, Kent, Campbell and Leoni, who were to render English architecture Italian, Academic and "regular." Fortunately, the English building tradition was still vigorous and healthy, and the details were often still designed upon the mason's banker or the carpenter's bench. A similar situation had arisen six hundred years earlier when the Cistercian monks introduced their plans and methods of design into this country from Burgundy. But the sturdy English masons were too much for them, and the Cistercian buildings on English soil are thoroughly English in detail and craftsmanship. What manner of man was this Lord Burlington who seems throughout the period under discussion to have dictated to the wealthy men of England the shape their houses should take and the style they should assume? Apparently an adequate biography of this dark horse of English architecture has yet to be written. You may appraise his ability and actual attainment according to your own views on the matter. Either he was an amateur surrounded by thoroughly competent professional architects and designers, and to these latter was due the conception and design of the great houses of the first half of the eighteenth century, or he was the man with vision, technical knowledge and organising ability who, with the help of assistants, raised in England a group of country houses more magnificent than anything Palladio had attempted at Vicenza or Venice a hundred and fifty years before. It is possible that materials for such a biography exist in the library at Chatsworth, and it is more than likely that much further light will some day be thrown upon Burlington's activities at York. For he was the social and æsthetic head of the northern capital at the time of its greatest prosperity since the middle ages. It is known at least that Lord Burlington spent himself and much of his fortune in the public-spirited furtherance of architecture as he understood it, and Horace Walpole's saying that "he possessed every quality of a genius and artist except envy" forms no small tribute to his character and influence.

James Gibbs was busy during this period with ecclesiastical and University work at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields and at Oxford and Cambridge, but otherwise the larger part of building was devoted to great country houses. The king could speak no English, and a reigning oligarchy assumed much of the king's importance. Busy with the more engrossing interests of politics and fox-hunting, they welcomed the advice of Lord Burlington in the contriving of the comfortless yet splendid palaces of Houghton and Holkham, which are illustrated in this volume.

plans on the east and west fronts of Houghton, but which no longer exist. Their removal is a loss to the appearance of the house. Tradition—and traditions with regard to country houses are often faulty—says that these flights of steps were sold to pay for the gambling debts of the great Sir Robert Walpole. To make this tradition more likely, the steps were of "costly marble." But documentary evidence is here given that these steps, of Whitby stone like the house, existed until 1778, and being then fractured by frost, were taken down to avoid



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THE STAIRWAY, MAWLEY HALL, SHROPSHIRE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The photographs of the exterior of Houghton seem full of light and colour. The house is built of Whitby stone, while at Holkham yellow brick was used for the outside walls, and this material is reflected adversely in the illustrations. Of its kind there is nothing finer in England than the great stone hall at Houghton with its splendid chimneypiece and great plaster frieze. Mr. Tipping makes an interesting point with regard to the outside flights of steps which appear in Colin Campbell's

the expense of renewal. The bonding stones where the steps had joined the main block were formed into pilasters, and urns were set on the projecting bit of the string-course that topped them; and so an otherwise obscure feature in the elevations is accounted for.

Perhaps the most astonishing thing in the whole book is the beauty of Mereworth Castle in Kent. Most people who have visited Palladio's Rotunda, near Vicenza, must have gone

away with a feeling of acute disappointment. The best that even Inigo Jones could find to say of it was that "it stands very solid and firm." Mereworth is a very fairly accurate copy of the Rotunda, yet it seems to fit into its beautiful surroundings with a serene charm, and the photograph of "evening light in the south portico" is beautiful in the extreme.

But by no means the larger number of the twenty-four houses illustrated are Palladian palaces. The square, sensible Hagley Hall is here, of which Sir George Lyttleton wrote to his architect: "We are pretty indifferent about the outside, it is enough if there is nothing offensive to the eye, but Lady Lyttleton insists about dark closets and back stairs. She wishes too for a room of separation between the Eating room and the Drawing room, to hinder the ladies from the noise and talk of the men, when left to their bottle which must sometimes happen even at Hagley."

Rainham Hall in Essex is a perfect example of the smaller house of the earlier Georgian period. It is dated 1729. The rubbed brick of the window surrounds contrasts pleasantly with the yellow brick of the walling, and its white-painted entrance porch with Corinthian columns and coffered ceiling makes a noble picture.

The only London house to be illustrated in this volume is Chesterfield House, begun by Isaac Ware in 1745. The entrance front, quiet, dignified and well proportioned, makes us doubly thankful that England was spared—in her exteriors, at all events—from the baroque extravagances of the Continent. The delightful library has a full-page illustration to itself. It is the room in which Lord Chesterfield wrote his letters to his son and which he considered the best room in London. "The bookcases," he writes, "go no higher than the dressings of the chairs, and my poets which hang over them will be in stucco allegorical frames painted white."

A group of six houses is attributed either by direct evidence or by indications of style to Francis Smith of Warwick, a man little known, if known at all, until Mr. Tipping's researches in this volume brought his name to light. He first appears in the decade 1721-1730 as the master mason of James Gibbs, the architect, in the building of Ditchley and as the designer and

builder of Stoneleigh Abbey, Buntingsdale, Wingerworth Hall and Sutton Scarsdale, "when builders were still apt to design and designers were still apt to build." An amusing bit of evidence about Smith and his fellow craftsmen was brought to light in the discovery of a lead plate under the grass in the courtyard at Sutton Scarsdale. The plate bore the following inscription: "This house was begun to be rebuilt in the year 1724 by the order of the Right Honourable Nicholas, Earl of Scarsdale, Francis Smith of Warwick, gentleman architect, Edward Poynton of Nottingham, gentleman carver, Thomas Broral of Warwick, gentleman joiner, Francis Butcher of Duckmanton, carpenter, Albert Artari, gentleman, and Francis Vossali, gentleman, Italians, who did the stuke work, Joshua Reading of Derby, gentleman painter, Joshua Needham of Derby, gentleman plasterer, William Jeffrey of Chesterfield, plumer, Thomas How of Westminster, gentleman upholsterer, John Wilks of Birmingham, gentleman locksmith, John Lillyman, gentleman steward, John Christian, gentleman gardener, John Nott, gentleman keeper." Only the carpenter and the "plumer" escaped the title of gentleman! The leading *motif* in Smith's external design was the use of pilasters rising two and sometimes three storeys to the full height of the house. That this method is not used with the practised skill of the professional architect may be seen by a comparison of Leoni's Moor Park with Smith's Stoneleigh Abbey.

Francis Smith appears again, but not until 1737-1747, as the master mason engaged on the Radcliffe Library at Oxford under James Gibbs; and again in 1742 as the joint architect with Sanderson of Kirtlington Park in Oxfordshire.

Is it not probable that there were two Smiths, father and son or uncle and nephew, and that the later work in Oxfordshire was done by the younger man?

A final word of praise must be given to the points of view from which the photographs have been taken and the infinite trouble exercised to avoid incongruous items. There are intimate details of window, door frame or balustrade; and sufficient illustrations of furniture, including some of William Kent's wonderful side tables, are figured to illustrate the current trend of design.

THE PRESERVATION OF WILD LIFE IN CANADA*

MANY people in England will read this book with pleasure greatly tinged with regret. Gordon Hewitt went out from Manchester University in 1909, having been appointed Dominion Entomologist.

His idea was to remain in Canada for a year or two and then return to Manchester. The fascination of the Dominion proved too strong to allow him to hold by that plan, and he found so much to do as consulting zoologist, a post to which he was appointed in 1916, that he remained there until his death, which occurred in February of 1920. It is to his credit that he did a great deal to rouse the Canadians to a sense of responsibility with regard to the wild life of the country. He addressed meetings in every province of the Dominion, and there is no doubt that he produced a solid and good effect. Those who knew him in Manchester will remember his humour as well as his learning, his love of tobacco, his taste in gardening and his literary accomplishments. He was indeed a man in a thousand, and his book is valuable for the style in which it is written as well as for the subject with which it deals. Canada and Alaska are the last strongholds of the big-game of the North American Continent. Of these animals the wapiti or elk is the handsomest and next to the moose the largest. It is the North American representative of the European red deer and formerly was the most widely distributed of the deer family in North America. On page twenty-seven of the book there is a picture of an elk-horn pyramid which indicates the former abundance of the wapiti and the energy with which they were killed. "Thousands of these splendid animals," says our author, "have been slain merely for the sake of their teeth." According to Hornaday, there is only one wapiti in America where there were twenty formerly. In the United States it has been estimated that there are only seventy thousand left, of which half are to be found in Wyoming, mainly in and about Yellowstone National Park. The diminution is traced in large measure to the rapacity of the market hunter, whose only care is for the largest and most immediate pecuniary returns. Among natural forces which aid man to destroy these animals, forest fires are the most important. They destroy large quantities of mammals and birds, and at the same time render their haunts uninhabitable. If a recovery is to be made it is a rudimentary fact that the females must be spared, but big-game shooting tends to lower the standard. Naturally a man out for trophies tries to get the best head, and any race of animal is not improved by having the best of its kind shot. It seems to be a universal opinion among those men qualified to know that the wapiti are rapidly decreasing in Canada, although in reserves such as

the Dominion Parks of Western Canada successful attempts are being made to increase them.

There are altogether three species of deer, excluding the wapiti or elk, in Canada. There are the white-tailed or "red" deer, also called the Virginia deer; the mule deer, or Rocky Mountain "black-tail" of the West; and the Columbian black-tailed deer of the Pacific Coast. The white-tailed deer seems to be increasing in numbers and is distributed from Nova Scotia to Alberta, its favourite haunt being the brushy river bottoms and deep woods that are interspersed with open spaces. The mule deer, or "jumping deer," is larger and heavier than the white-tailed deer. In Manitoba it seems to have been rather scarce in 1882 to 1885, but now, according to the chief game guardian of the province, it is found in every part of Manitoba. The Columbian black-tailed deer often succumbs to the deep snows of winter. The moose or caribou holds its own in the northern forests that constitute its natural home, and indeed is the most abundant of its genus.

The method adopted for reviving a species threatened with decay is to declare a close season all the year round in the district where they are decreasing; thus, although the Rocky Mountain sheep of British Columbia may be killed between September 1st and November 15th, this is forbidden in the districts of Yale, Similkameen, and North and South Okanagan, where they are at present enjoying an absolute close season. The black mountain sheep seem to be recovering in numbers. We have not space to follow the fortunes of all the animals, but a word may be said about the bears. Canada has a great many bears, which are mostly to be found in the Rocky Mountains and the ranges flanking them in British Columbia. The Polar bear flourishes on the Arctic shores of the North-West Territories, the Hudson Bay and Labrador, and throughout the islands of the Canadian Arctic. The grizzly bear, that used to be a terror, is now reduced to a diet of mice and ants. The most common and familiar is the black bear, which is found in abundance in the wooded regions of Canada from Nova Scotia to British Columbia. It is retiring in its habits and shy—characteristics that may save it when the others have to go. Black bears usually mate about June or July and part a little later. The young are born in January while the mother is still in her winter den.

Dr. Gordon Hewitt thought that the history of the buffalo constitutes one of the greatest tragedies in historical times. Hornaday describes the former range of the buffalo as follows: Starting almost at tide-water on the Atlantic coast, it extended westward through a vast tract of dense forest, across the Alleghany Mountain

system to the prairies along the Mississippi, and southward to the delta of that great stream. Although the great plains country of the west was the natural home of the species, where it flourished abundantly, it also wandered south across Texas to the burning plains of north-eastern Mexico, westward across the Rocky Mountains into New Mexico, Utah, Idaho, and northward across a vast treeless waste to the bleak and inhospitable shores of the Great Slave Lake itself.

Of its early distribution in Canada Dr. Gordon Hewitt writes:

The favourite range of the buffalo in Canada was the northern extension of the great plains region, lying between the Missouri River and the Great Slave Lake. The most northerly record of its occurrence was made by Franklin in 1820, when he found it at Slave Point, on the north side of Great Slave Lake.

The destruction of the buffalo is described with great vividness and force. Catlin has recorded the enormous numbers killed during the first half of the nineteenth century. He says that in 1832 150,000 to 200,000 robes were marketed annually,

which means a slaughter of 2,000,000 or perhaps 3,000,000 buffalo. It was the Union Pacific Railway, begun at Omaha in 1865, that struck their death-knell:

The slaughter of the southern herd began in 1871, and reached its height two years later. From 1871 to 1873 the wastefulness was prodigious. The number of skins that were marketed bore no indication of the enormous slaughter. In four short years the great southern herd was wiped out of existence, and by 1875 it had ceased to exist.

It is a very melancholy story and, unfortunately, one that would be repeated in regard to various other wild creatures mentioned in this volume were it not for the powerful appeal to public feeling which Gordon Hewitt made in his lifetime and the enlightened efforts of the Government to maintain these out-of-door treasures of the Dominion.

* *The Conservation of the Wild Life of Canada*, by C. Gordon Hewitt, D.Sc. (Scribner's.)

THE BURDETT-COUTTS COLLECTION OF PICTURES

BY TANCRED BORENIUS.



"A CASTLE ON A CANAL," BY HOBBEEMA.

AS one of the minor landmarks of London one is doubtless justified in describing the not too large brick house facing the Green Park at the corner of Stratton Street, and admitting from its bay windows a magnificent view of the whole rise of Piccadilly. Most passers-by have probably looked upon this house as an enviable possession from its situation merely; its precious artistic contents have of late been known to but a restricted circle of people. It is of the art treasures contained in this house—or rather, of one section of the collection, namely, the pictures—that the present article will briefly treat.

At the end of the eighteenth century this building was the home of Thomas Coutts (1735–1822), banker of George III. and a considerable proportion of the English aristocracy. The life of this remarkable man has lately been made the subject

of a most absorbingly interesting book by Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge. Though a pall-bearer at Sir Joshua Reynolds' funeral in 1792, Thomas Coutts was not himself a very keen collector of pictures nor patron of the arts; the only artist to whom he extended liberal encouragement and support was the Swiss painter Johann Heinrich Fuessli, better known as Henry Fuseli (1741–1825), a member of the Royal Academy since 1790. Fuseli was a man of very ready wit, and the anecdotes told about him are well nigh innumerable. We will here recall the one which relates how, at a party at Thomas Coutts' house, the second Mrs. Coutts (Harriet Mellor) appeared in the drawing-room dressed up as Morgiana, pointing a dagger at the breast of everybody present; and how, on her coming to Nollekens, the sculptor, who enjoyed the reputation of being a great miser, Fuseli exclaimed: "Strike, strike, there is no fear; Nolly

has never yet been known to bleed!" Apart from a number of portraits, some paintings by this artist may be mentioned as Thomas Coutts' contribution to the collection we are now passing under review.

One of Thomas Coutts' sons-in-law was Sir Francis Burdett, Bart., the great champion of free speech and ardent philanthropist; and it was his youngest daughter, Angela Georgina (1814-1906), who became the sole heir to the immense Coutts' fortune. Raised in 1871 to the peerage as Baroness Burdett-Coutts, she was, as is well known, one of the principal figures of the Victorian Age; and it was to her keen interest in matters artistic that the Burdett-Coutts collection owes the importance which it ultimately came to acquire. Some of the finest of the pictures came from the collection of that remarkable connoisseur and epicurean, Samuel Rogers, banker and poet, whose artistic possessions were dispersed by auction in 1856. Among the pictures of such provenance we may here mention Sir Joshua's delightful work "The Mob Cap"—a study for the principal figure in "The Infant Academy"—representing a little girl, nude save for an enormous white muslin cap with pink bows, seated on a cushion, with her legs crossed and her hands clasped in front; a work full of that droll grace which Sir Joshua, usually so serious, was particularly fond of giving expression to in his pictures of children. Samuel Rogers was, likewise, one of the owner of another charming example by Sir Joshua, "A Girl Sketching"—the model for the figure being Sir Joshua's niece, Elizabeth Johnson, from whom Sir Joshua also drew the figure of Fortitude in his series of allegories of the Virtues for the windows of New College Chapel, Oxford.

From another source comes an interesting work by Raeburn, acquired by Baroness Burdett-Coutts: the portrait of Sir Walter Scott, painted in 1822. It is related that Sir Walter, eventually having consented to sit to the famous Scottish artist, told the latter at the first sitting that he might find a client for the picture, to which Raeburn answered: "You may for a copy, Sir Walter, but the portrait I am now painting is for myself, although it may find its way in time into your own family." This portrait subsequently passed into the possession of Raeburn's only son, Henry Raeburn. Sold by the Raeburn family at Christie's in 1877, it eventually, in 1888, was acquired by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. It is interesting to note how, in Sir Walter Scott's Journal, the following entry occurs under June 16th, 1826: "I got yesterday a present of two engravings from Sir Henry Raeburn's portrait of me, which (poor fellow) was the last he ever painted, and certainly not his worst."

Turning now to the examples of foreign schools, we may draw particular attention to an exquisite example of the work of Hobbema, "A Castle on a Canal"—a composition full of that delicate and intimate feeling which characterises this great Dutch seventeenth century landscape painter at his best. A great name, which most private collections cannot boast of—that of Raphael—is present in the Burdett-Coutts collection with a little panel of the "Agony in the Garden." The altarpiece, of which this panel originally formed part, was painted in 1505 for the Nuns of St. Anthony of Perugia; but the component parts of it are, at present, scattered far and near. The principal panel, long familiar to visitors to the National Gallery as a loan from the late Mr. Pierpont Morgan, is now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art at New York. The *predella* which supported the principal panel consisted of five parts: a St. Francis and St. Anthony, now in the Dulwich Gallery; a Lamentation over the Dead Christ, now in the collection of Mrs. J. L. Gardner of Boston; a Procession to Calvary, at present in the National Gallery; and the Agony in the Garden, of the Burdett-Coutts collection—for which it was acquired at the Samuel Rogers' sale.

A great master of the French school, excellently represented in the Burdett-Coutts collection,



"THE MOB CAP," BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS



"SIR WALTER SCOTT," BY RAEburn.

is Nicolas Poussin, whose picture, called "The Campagna of Rome," shows him as the born interpreter of the majesty and desolation of mood which pervade the landscape surrounding the Eternal City. And turning finally to a subject of less artistic than historic interest, we notice the presence of four portraits, all purporting to represent William Shakespeare

—the portraits known, respectively, as the Felton portrait, the Lumley portrait, the Zuccaro portrait and the Burdett-Coutts' portrait. The portraits exhibit considerable discrepancies between themselves; but as a series bearing on a most important question of iconography, its interest is exceptionally great.

LIGHT HORSE DEPRESSION

INTERESTING TRIAL FOR THE "NATIONAL."

THE general subject of light horse breeding in this country is rather outside the scope of my notes, but it happens to arise out of the show last week of King's Premium sires at the Agricultural Hall in London. Naturally, those horses, their racing records, and their breeding, are of some interest to all concerned with the breeding of the thoroughbred. One would be lacking in honesty were the show to be described as any other than entirely depressing, and it was not made less so by the feeling existing on all hands that the future of these shows and, indeed, of this method of maintaining interest in light horse breeding is threatened most seriously. I thought the show itself tedious and disappointing in the sense that practically the same old Premium winners of the past few years were there, gathered together, competing against one another as of old and with pretty much the same results. A man like Sir Gilbert Greenall and one or two others could have awarded the premiums in ten minutes, so well are the hardy annuals known to them. There they were—the Gay Lallys, the Gilgandras, Darigals, Bachelor's Charms, Scarlet Runners, Red Kings, Birk Gills, Rathurdes and others that we have renewed acquaintance with year after year as it seems. No new blood of note came bidding for honours. Apparently there is no incentive to seek it and exploit it.

Can you wonder at it? The future is hazy beyond words. The Government have agreed with the Geddes recommendations that the annual grant in regard to these premiums, amounting to about £20,000, shall no longer be paid out of State funds. The Ministry of Agriculture may be glad to be rid of the responsibility of administering the grant and are referring enquirers as to what is going to happen to the War Office. If the Army wants remounts they must ensure the supply out of their own Vote is the position now! Presumably the Army Council, and, through them, the Q.M.G., and then his Director of Remounts, are to be exhorted to see to it that State aid shall still be found for the subsidising of those willing to keep and travel these thoroughbred horses for the covering of half-bred mares. The War Office will hate asking for more money when they are already denied so much for other things considered by them to be even more essential than remounts. We may assume that War Office requirements for remounts are dwindling with the reductions made in the Army, especially, of course, the cavalry arm. Perhaps it does not signify much that so many batteries are being or have been de-horsed. The point is that the Remount Department must be shrinking of itself, and that fact will not assist breeders to get what they require from the War Office. It is, however, of interest to hear that light horse breeders, through their representatives, propose to tackle the War Office on the subject. The matter, of course, is urgent, as owners of stallions must know soon what the position is really going to be.

These have been very difficult days in which to train horses for the Lincolnshire Handicap. Poisonous weather was experienced in January, and during last month a serious break was caused by frost. Lately heavy rain has made the gallops too soft. Such rain was very badly required for the replenishment of wells and streams, especially in Wiltshire, and that part of the country, so there is no serious grumbling. I can, however, imagine that the conditions have somewhat disturbed the calculations of Charles Morton, who probably had hopes at one time of winning the handicap with one of the five he originally put into the entry. It may be that Aclare will still have to be reckoned with, though as to that we shall probably have more to go on next week. If Morton can get him to his liking I have no doubt that he will run as he is well handicapped. It should be noted that Mr. Dawkins, as shown by his handicap for the City and Suburban, takes a more exalted view of him than does the Lincoln handicapper. Mr. Dawkins is very good indeed, and the probability is that his is the more correct view, in which case we must accept Aclare as being a favourably handicapped horse at Lincoln. Highlander is under orders to be tried about the time these notes appear in print, and should he come out of the test all right we are sure to see the fact reflected in places where they bet. Up to the present the so-called betting on the race has been perfectly farcial.

Royal Alarm, Sangot and Senhora are, I believe, genuine candidates, though their trainers want to know rather more about their present well being before taking them quite seriously. Service Kit is engaged in hurdling, and it would not surprise me to find him ridden by Donoghue. I have no authority for making this statement; it is merely a surmise. It is possible, by the way, that Frank Bullock will ride Highlander, but he

would have to put up a pound or two of overweight. I continue to have much belief in Soranus. They are of such moderate class in the race that a horse as good as Soranus is, when at his best, might make short work of them. The soft going now prevailing is all in his favour. Vivaldi comes out rather better in consequence of Bumble Bee having won the Champion Hurdle Challenge Cup at Gatwick last Saturday. Vivaldi was somewhat discredited as a Lincolnshire proposition by his easy defeat when taking on Bumble Bee at hurdling, but that horse has since shown us that he is a performer out of the ordinary. Thus Vivaldi makes something of a return to grace. Michael Beary is to ride him. As I write Monarch appears to be first favourite, but I do not advise that he be backed at this stage by those who fancy him.

Most people find the Grand National a far more interesting subject. At this stage Poethlyn, Jerry M., and Troytown stand out in their respective years, but there is no outstanding horse at this moment. Uncertainty prevails in regard to Lord Woolavington's prominent candidate, Southampton, who distinguished himself by his very creditable win at Newbury when he finished half a length in front of the dead-heaters, Clashing Arms and Ardgour. Since then it has been stated that the horse might not run for the National on the ground that he is not yet old and set enough for the ordeal. Such a contingency was not for a moment suspected by those who admire the horse and have backed their opinion. Thus a big responsibility rests on Lord Woolavington in the decision he may make. Naturally, perhaps, some people do not understand why he should have been left in the race until this time of day if there had always been in mind a resolve to keep the horse for another year. He might be dead then. Who knows? These things cannot be ordered, and Lord Woolavington may never have such another chance of winning the biggest steeplechase in a year when no other dominates the position.

There has been nothing so interesting throughout the season of National Hunt racing as the three and a quarter mile steeplechase at Gatwick last Saturday, called the National Trial Steeplechase. The race did not belie its name, for it really did provide a trial. Garryvoe, the top weight, would most certainly have won but for a mistake at the second fence from home. It unquestionably shook him a lot, but he was still able to go in pursuit of Clashing Arms and Wavertree, and then only failed by a head to beat Wavertree. Clashing Arms was two lengths away third. Square Up, a lightly weighted candidate that is thought much of, made a bold show for a long way and only died out two or three fences from the finish. No doubt that was due to having cut into a tendon rather badly, and his starting at Aintree must be in some doubt at the moment. Forewarned had to be pulled up when going well through his jockey breaking a stirrup leather, and so we did not learn much where he was concerned except that he was jumping and going well up to the time that he fell. Wavertree ran a bold race, but one distrusts him at Aintree because he has disappointed so very seriously there in the past. If one could rely on him to jump the course he would be entitled to the place of favourite at the present moment. Clashing Arms again gave an impetuous show, and it was only after leaving the last fence that he resigned to the other two. I still think he will give a brave show in the National as regards jumping, but I am somewhat doubtful as to whether he will stay the long course. He lost here through not being able to quite stay it out. Arravale was in this Gatwick trial and had his trainer-jockey cared to press him he would have finished much nearer to the leaders; but he jumped big and rather slowly as, indeed, he should do, for the task awaiting him at Aintree. He meets the other horses on so much more favourable terms that I regard him as a very live candidate indeed for supreme honours, especially as I happen to know that his trainer was very well satisfied. Let me add that the horses I like best for the big event are Southampton, Shaun Spadah, Arravale, Forewarned and Clashing Arms, and for an outsider A Double Escape.

About a year ago I wrote some notes on the establishment of a new stud at Shrewton in Wiltshire, the venture of Viscountess Torrington, who has met with some noted success as an owner of racehorses. The best winner she had was Rich Gift, and it is this handsome black or brown horse which, I understand, has made such an excellent start as a sire. His stock are just now arriving, and, therefore, will not be seen in public for another two years. The first foal to arrive to him was from the Crby mare, Margot, the dam of Sangot, a four year old that seems to be genuinely fancied for the Lincolnshire Handicap. It is an

excellent advertisement for a horse when his subscription can be stated as full, especially one that does not go to stud with the glamour of classic honours upon him. I understand Rich Gift's owner is not under the necessity of touting for subscriptions to the horse, and that the latest subscriber was that excellent judge, William Higgs, the ex-jockey, who has a select stud at Calne in Wiltshire. He took such a fancy to the horse when he went to see him that he is sending his good mare, Pretty to him. I am always glad to hear of newcomers to the stud going well; and it is a reminder that I hear nothing but the highest praise

of Buchan, a delightful and perfectly shaped horse that is making a great start at Mr. Gerald Deane's new stud near Winchester. Such a horse naturally commanded the highest patronage; a sire does not always get what he rightly commands, but there is no question about it in the case of Buchan.

Writing about sires is a reminder of what a loss has been sustained by the syndicate which owned Charles O'Malley, a horse which has been high in the winning sires' list for some years past, and has been commanding a 400 guinea fee. He met with an accident and has had to be destroyed.

PHILIPPOS.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE LITTLE OWL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Edward King, has, I fear, misunderstood my attitude towards this very useful bird. A reference to the forthcoming number for March of the Journal of the Ministry of Agriculture will show that I examined the stomach contents in every month of the year except September, and remains of game birds were found only in June. I have never stated that the little owl does not destroy young game birds; I know it does, but my contention is that the actual percentage is so small that, under ordinary circumstances, it is negligible when compared with the rest of the food. There are no doubt cases where the depredations of a few birds are serious, and under such circumstances they should be destroyed. In endeavouring to rightly estimate the economic status of this bird we must not let this "game" bogey hide the true facts. I go so far as to state that if the little owl were to become twice as numerous as at present, and were to destroy twice as many young game birds and wild birds, it could, from the nature and percentage of its remaining food, only be regarded as beneficial. It is most annoying to have one's chicks stolen and destroyed, but this is not the only side of the question. The 30.62 per cent. of injurious insects and 31.05 per cent. of voles and mice must be taken into consideration. A species of wild bird whose food consists of 61.80 per cent. of injurious animals, 32.25 per cent. of neutral food and only 5.95 per cent. of beneficial animals is surely worthy of all protection.—WALTER E. COLLINGE.

A CURIOSITY OF TOPOGRAPHY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—We have an instance—unique, surely, in the whole of London—of a fine house, the great windows of which front full south into a main thoroughfare, but which is located and numbered in a side street, ending in a *cul-de-sac*. Such is No. 1, Stratton Street, which was mentioned recently in your Estate Columns. The reason why No. 1, Stratton Street was not included in Piccadilly is that when the street was laid out, in 1693, Piccadilly then, and for many years after, ended

at Albemarle Street, as John Stryke tells us in 1720, and all west of that point was merely the great Bath Road, occupied, until the middle of the eighteenth century, by stonemasons' yards, exhibiting statuary and leaden figures for garden ornaments, from whence they subsequently migrated to the New (now Euston) Road. An exception was the portion of frontage belonging to Lord Berkeley of Stratton.—J. LANDFEAR LUCAS.

A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was much interested in the fine illustration of the buildings of Washington in your issue of February 18th. I hope you may like to reproduce this photograph of the Capitol at night. It was taken by Mr. Allison of New York, who has kindly given permission for you to use it if you care to. It is, as I think you will agree, a fine picture. The twenty-two searchlights flinging their beams into the sky and their reflection on the water seems to me extremely striking.—G. A.

NEW WIMBLEDON.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was very much interested in the article "The New Wimbledon" in your issue of to-day. The turf used for the new lawns at Wimbledon was cut in this



A NIGHT SCENE IN WASHINGTON.

district, and I enclose a photograph showing the actual cutting, which would probably interest your readers of Mr. Darwin's article.—CARLISLE.

A RARE VISITOR.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A most rare bird has been seen by a lady in Hampshire. A short time ago she looked out of her window and saw a bird, washing itself in a small pan of water, that appeared to be a thrush—and yet it was not quite like an ordinary thrush. When it turned round, she was surprised to see that it had a black throat and bib. Although she had watched birds carefully for many years, she was not aware that such a thing as a thrush with a black throat existed; but when she referred to some books, she found it exactly described, and realised that she had been privileged to see one of the rarest migrants to this country in her own garden. A well known Hampshire ornithologist visited the place and heard every detail, and he is satisfied that no mistake has been made, and the bird which the lady saw was a black-throated thrush. According to "The Hand List of British Birds," an up-to-date and authoritative work, there are only four previous records of the appearance of the black-throated thrush in England, so that this additional instance is of considerable interest. It is a native of Western Siberia and winters far afield in Afghanistan, North-West India and Persia, but it is occasionally found in Norway, Denmark, Germany and Austria.—L. F. EASTERBROOK.



CUTTING TURF IN CUMBERLAND TO BE LAID AT WIMBLEDON.

A CASE FOR THE R.S.P.C.A. IN PERSIA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The Persian is naturally cruel to his animals. He thrashes them with whips made of chains, and digs them with sharp-pointed goads till the blood runs and their backs are raw. A horseman loves to ride at a furious pace, pulling his horse up dead with the cruellest of bits. The load that is seen in the illustration surely is a record. It was taken on the Persian plateau, miles away from any habitation, and the animals looked as if they had carried their burden all day. The British "Tommies" frequently knocked the Persian peasants off their animals, explaining in forcible language the reason for their action, and officers have been known to shoot some of the animals that have been beyond hope, chancing the consequences rather than see them suffer.—R. G.

A FINE NORMAN FONT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The accompanying photograph depicts a remarkably fine Norman font in Castle Frome Church, Herefordshire. The sculpture on the south side represents Christ as a nude boy seated in water up to his knees. The Baptist,



THE FONT IN CASTLE FROME CHURCH

on the left, is about to lay his hand on the head of Christ; a dove represents the Holy Ghost, and a hand from Heaven gives the benediction. On the north side is seen a lion—a symbol of St. Mark; the east and west sides depict an angel and some winged animal, presumably a bull. The font rests on writhing monsters, some parts of which have been broken away, but with this exception the whole is in an excellent state of preservation and is a fine example of its kind. A font similar in design but depicting different subjects is in existence at Eardisley in the same county.—W. A. CALL.

[This interesting font is probably of late eleventh or early twelfth century work. The Immersion shown on the south side is of the nature apparently agreed upon at the Council of Nicaea in the later fifth century; namely, that in which Christ is represented immersed to the waist, as in the carving on the chair of Maximian at Ravenna. Previously the water had rarely covered more than His ankles. The hand from Heaven, the hovering dove, and the waters "standing on an heap," correspond exactly to the surviving representations of the Baptism executed from 500–1100. The Baptist wears a maniple upon his left arm. The fishes are symbols of Christianity and baptism. The creatures filling up the remainder of the surface are the emblems of the four Evangelists, the eagle of St. John being seen on the right of Fig. 2, the man of St. Luke in Fig. 1. A font by the same artist, at Eardisley, shows knights, in pointed casques, fighting in the trouser-like garb which is to be seen on



THE MERCIFUL MAN IS MERCIFUL TO HIS BEAST.

similar figures at Kilpeck and Shobdon, all in Herefordshire. This, and the profuse interlacing work and the details of the Baptism, make it fairly certain that the period is about 1100, and the artist under the surviving influence of Celtic traditions.—Ed.]

AN OLD JAPANESE LEGEND.

TO THE EDITOR.

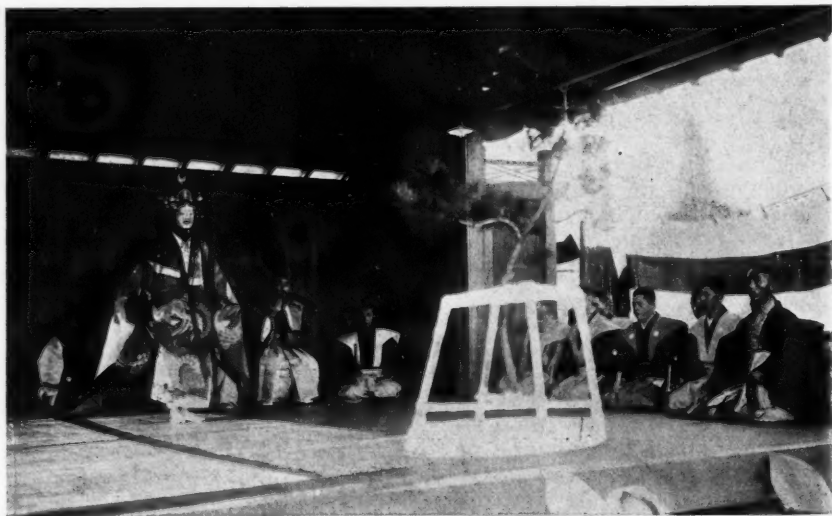
SIR,—This picture illustrates a scene of the Hagoromo, or the "Robe of Feathers" of the Noh dance. This is the old legend explaining it. There is a magnificent palace called the "Moon Palace" in the moon, and it contains hundreds of fairy-like maidens. All of them are dressed in a light transparent robe called the "Hagoromo" (literally, the "Robe of Feathers"). This garment serves them as wings serve a bird. One day one such fairy maiden happened to alight at the pine-groved beach styled "Miwo-no-matsubara," situated at the southern foot of Fujiyama. She had never come down upon the earth before, so that she was perfectly charmed with the scenic beauty of the place. She wanted to take a stroll on the beach. The wonderful robe, however indispensable in her aerial travel, became cumbersome in the course of her earthly ramble, so she left it on one of the pine trees at her landing-place. Being a stranger to the land, she soon lost her way. During her absence a fisherman came by and found a curious thing hanging on the pine tree. He took it down and noticed the thing was not of this earth. He thought within himself that he could make this unexpected trophy an inheritance of his family, and was on the point of turning his steps homewards with it. And lo and behold! an apparition stood before him. He could find no name apposite to give such a creature. She stood in his way—so pretty, so graceful, so pathetic looking. The silence was broken by the fairy maiden. "That is my robe, my winged robe. That is not of this earth. It is worthless in your earthly life." Then the following conversation followed. "But it is none but I who found this. It is proper that I should keep this as my family treasure." "I implore

you to return it to me. I cannot go back to my home without that garment. I hope you will pity me—a homeless wanderer. Prithee, let me have it at once." "Well, I remember you have a peculiar kind of dancing up in your Moon World. I have long wanted to see it. If you will dance for me now and here, I will give back your robe." "But first of all, I must have my raiment." "No, I must first see you dance, for if I hand you this, you will go back to the moon without dancing." "We know not fraud, lying, and other evil acts of similar kind up in Heaven. You may well place entire confidence in me." This final answer completely convinced the fisherman of the sincerity of the wanderer, and he returned the winged robe to its real owner. On receiving her garment the fairy maiden danced to the extreme joy and admiration of her solitary "customer." This done, the inhabitant of the moon went back to her palace.—K. SAKAMOTO.

BIRDS AT HIGH ALTITUDES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your issue of February 25th there is a paragraph on the height attained by the migrating bird, and the greatest height at which a bird was observed by an airman is mentioned as 6,000ft. At a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society Mr. A. F. Wollaston, surgeon of the Mount Everest Expedition (1921), stated that he had seen a Lammergeier high over mountains of 12,000ft. or 15,000ft., near that mountain—that is, of course, the height above sea level. I write from memory, and beg to refer those interested in the matter to the March number of the Royal Geographical Society's Magazine. I think Mr. Wollaston thought it likely that the vast chain of the Himalayas might not be an insuperable obstacle to certain migratory birds. I have seen the condor at an immense height above the Andes when crossing from the Argentine to Chili at an altitude of about 13,000ft. It is possible that Mr. Wollaston observed the Lammergeier above peaks of over 20,000ft. and not 15,000ft., as I write from memory only.—F. D. HARFORD.



THE DANCE OF THE ROBE OF FEATHERS.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP AND THE COMMITTEE

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

IT is rather exciting to imagine that one is playing, however humbly, a part in making history. As I walked up to the Caledonian Club on Thursday of last week to go to the meeting of the Championship Committee I was just a little disappointed to find that there was nobody to snap at me with a camera. As I came out again I was limp and prostrate with talking—and listening to other people talking—for three hours and a half; but still I had a delightfully melodramatic sensation of one going to the guillotine for his most sacred convictions, and tried to throw out my chest and look as heroic as I could. The Committee had not acceded to a petition for the reform of the Championship signed by several highly distinguished golfers and a good many less distinguished ones—and I supposed that we should all be lynched accordingly. Alas! the bubble of my vanity was soon to be severely pricked. The next day I lunched at my club. I talked to a good many people and not one of them mentioned the momentous subject. At last, in despair, I broached it myself to one golfer. "Oh, yes," he answered absently, "you had a meeting didn't you? Did you do anything particular?" That was damping, but worse was to follow. On the Saturday I was playing on a championship course and not one single person said a word to me about the Championship Committee. My poor little vanity is, at the moment of writing, quite dead. I feel like that poor golfer who told at great length, hole by hole, the story of the most wonderful round he had ever played. At the end of the story there was a momentary silence, and then somebody said, "And nobody cares a damn!"

However, I suppose that some golfers really do care or soon will care, and that the Committee's decision will be criticised both adversely and favourably. Briefly, they have declared for the principle that score play should not be introduced into the Amateur Championship unless it be "incontestably proved to be for the convenience of all concerned"; further, they have announced that "for their own guidance" they propose to ask the players in this year's meeting at Prestwick for their opinion as to the conditions to govern future Championships, and particularly on the question of thirty-six hole or eighteen-hole matches.

As regards this second point, some people may say that the signatories of the petition have given, with no uncertain voice, the collective opinion of players, and that it is idle, if not impertinent, to ask for it again. I do not think that this is quite so. Anybody who has at all a large acquaintance among those who play in Championships must have been, I think, struck by one fact, namely, that there were among the signatories to the petition almost as many different opinions as there were signatures. It will be remembered that the proposal was that there should be two qualifying rounds of score play, and that the thirty-two who qualified should play off by thirty-six hole matches. Well, one of the most eminent of the original signatories, Mr. Cyril Tolley, afterwards declared that thirty-two was too small a number, and indeed appeared to disagree so profoundly with the petition he had signed that his name was removed from it. Beyond doubt a good many other people signed who thought that the number to qualify should be much larger, that, in short,

the qualifying rounds should be not a competitive examination, but a pass examination, which should do no more than eliminate those who never should have entered. Some cared only for reducing the number of players and weeding out the rabbits; others cared only for thirty-six-hole matches, which they believe to be the true test of golf, and simply regarded the qualifying rounds as a rather unattractive but necessary piece of machinery.

Now at Prestwick, I take it, each player will be asked not one question, but a series, so that it will be clear exactly what he does want. If he wants a large number to qualify, so that there can be no fear of a possible winner failing to be one of the elect, then he must, if he be a practical person, vote for eighteen-hole matches. The reason of this is that the combination of a large number of players and thirty-six-hole matches must extend the tournament well into a second week, and that is extremely undesirable, since it would bear too heavily on those whose time and money are limited. If, on the other hand, the voter cares desperately for the cause of thirty-six-hole matches, then he must vote for a comparatively small number of qualifiers and must reconcile himself to score play being a distinctly important part of the competition. That really is the crux of the situation as I see it. If you qualify a large number, say, 128, why then the scoring rounds, though a bore and a nuisance, may not do much harm; but you must stick to eighteen holes and, in that case, is it worth while to use the card and pencil machinery just to kill a few rabbits? If you only qualify thirty-two, then you must make up your mind that what has hitherto been a match play competition has got to be, for good or evil, a mixture of score and match play. I believe the great majority of golfers are agreed that *prima facie* match play and nothing else is the ideal for an amateur tournament. The question is whether they feel it so strongly that it outweighs, in their minds, all other considerations. There are two questions the answers to which, if we knew them, might help considerably towards the solution of the problem. Unfortunately, nobody can do more than guess the answers. The first question is how many players will enter this year. Last year there was an unsatisfactory rule limiting the entries by handicaps. This year there will be no limit, but club committees are to be entreated only to enter those players who are really fit to play. I am not personally optimistic as to the effect of this entreaty. It is most difficult to say who is and who is not good enough to play. No committee likes, by refusing to enter a player, to administer a snub, even if deserved. Moreover, it is very easy in a neighbourhood where there are few swans to mistake a goose for that nobler bird.

The second question is how many players will enter next year. By that time the reorganising of handicaps by means of scratch scores should be accomplished, and it might then be possible quite fairly to limit the right of entry to those rated at scratch or better. If that were done how many entries for the Championship would there be? Would it or would it not be an unwieldy number? I have heard very diverse guesses made at the answer by equally experienced guessers. I am not myself inclined to hazard one.

ROYAL NAVY *versus* THE ARMY

BY LEONARD R. TOSSWILL.

OF the eleven games played since this match was revived in 1907 the Navy have now won nine. Although they were successful last Saturday, at Twickenham, it was a case of "honours easy," and the only try of the match was scored by Lieutenant H. L. V. Day (R.F.A.). Last year a brilliant individual effort by the Navy and England captain, W. J. A. Davies, just turned the scale in favour of the Senior Service—and so it was again this year. Their four points' lead was the result of a neat left-foot drop-goal by the same player from a *mêlée* on the twenty-five line.

Each year one looks forward to this particular match as likely to be one of the best of the season; it is but rarely that one is disappointed. In spite of a muddy ground and a greasy ball, the football played last Saturday reached a high level on both sides. The fielding by both full-backs was unusually good and, with one or two exceptions, the outsiders took their passes cleanly and gave them accurately. Among the forwards there was a rare struggle, and there was little to choose between the rival packs. As might be expected, the Navy held an advantage at half-back, especially as Davies was in much better form than against France, but the Army pair put up a stiff fight and gave their opponents plenty of trouble.

The Army three-quarters made the better line, but, naturally, they got fewer chances. The Navy had one weak wing and both centres were painfully slow; Bradby failed to regain any of the

prestige he lost in the two International matches. It is unnecessary to say that the tackling was keen; it is as much a feature of this match as it is of Hospital Cup ties. As always, the game was an object lesson in clean play and a sporting spirit.

The King watched the game, attended by a distinguished company of the "powers that be," but there was no evidence that playing Rugby football is considered to be a form of "polishing the handle," which we all know is so necessary for the attainment of high rank! It is even doubtful if Davies will receive promotion for his drop-goal! Some ten thousand enthusiasts braved the wind and rain and made enough noise for twenty thousand.

With regard to the play of individuals, both full-backs distinguished themselves, their fielding and kicking was generally beyond reproach. Of the two I preferred Lieutenant J. A. Middleton (R.A.S.C.), who found touch more accurately and with greater length. The best of the Navy three-quarters was Lieutenant H. W. V. Stephenson (Victory), who ran with determination and tackled finely. Bradby was not a success and Fitzroy was too slow in getting off the mark. Rowlands dropped a lot of passes, chiefly because he was out of position.

The Army three-quarters were all good. Day and Kilgour are very fast and resolute wings; they made the most of their opportunities. Palmer, who has been discussed as a "possible" for the next England team, was very sound and cut through

cleanly; he struck me as one of the "neat but not gaudy" type—never likely to let his side down, but also not likely to win a match by a brilliant individual effort. Aslett was also very reliable, but has not developed as much as some of us hoped he might.

Kershaw was in his usual form—there is no higher praise! Davies showed glimpses of his old brilliance, and if he plays as well against Scotland, there will be no complaints. Worton worked very hard at the base of the scrum and got the ball out well to his partner. Baker-Jones was at his best and had a big share in Day's try; he started many promising movements among his three-quarters, but stood too far back to get them going quickly enough.

The forwards were very evenly matched, but were all inclined to kick too hard, the commonest fault seen among forwards of the present day. On the winning side Gardner, Luddington (who kicked a penalty goal), Maxwell-Hyslop and Hallaran were the best. J. A. Ross of the H.L.I., was in fine form for the Army and was one of the best forwards on the field. He was well backed up by Young and Arnott.

No doubt the English Selection Committee had their eyes on this match; they might do worse than infuse a larger "Service" element into the next International team. The game was a welcome relief after the England v. France match of the week before; it was as good to watch as the latter was bad.

THE NEW YEOMEN

SOME fifteen thousand ex-Service men have been settled on the land by County Councils under the Government's scheme and, in view of the depressed condition of agriculture which they have to face, it is natural to wonder how far this creation of a new body of small yeomen will prove a success, agriculturally and socially. Something like the same number were provided with land by County Councils under the Small Holdings Act of 1908, and an official return taken in 1918 showed that during the ten years less than 1 per cent. per annum of these settlers gave up their holdings through failure. That compares well with any class of undertaking.

The ex-Service men have not been settled long enough for any statistics of success or failure to be available. It must be admitted also that many of them have taken up their holdings in circumstances of peculiar difficulty: not a few have been so eager to embark on their new enterprise that they have been willing to become tenants of the land and to wait many months, even a year, for the provision of house or farm buildings or both. There is no better commentary on the stuff of which successful small-holders are made than the accounts that are given of men who have been willing to begin their adventure with conditions so difficult. In Bedfordshire there is (or was until lately) a group of tenants now in their second season, but, owing to building difficulties, still without their houses. Some of them live eight miles away in Bedford, and had to travel daily to their land. Fortunately, one of them owned an ancient motor car in which he carried the whole party, and in turn they let him have the use of their horses for cultivating his land. East Anglia has provided numerous cases of small-holders who, pending the erection of their farm buildings, converted straw stacks into stables by the process of scooping out the interior and supporting the straw roof and walls with rough boards nailed to railway sleepers. A Lincolnshire ex-Service tenant kept his team of five horses, worth approximately £400, in a stable of this homely type for eleven months. A Gloucester ex-soldier who lost a leg in the war purchased and erected on his 4-acre holding an old Army hut, which he has converted into a home for himself, his wife and two children. In the Fen district, so eager are the men for land that they will travel to and from their holdings morning and evening, half a dozen miles or more, on push and motor bicycles. A Wiltshire small-holder, possessing more initiative than capital, successfully carried out his first year's cultivation with a team of two donkeys. This is the true pioneer spirit.

The building work of land settlement marks some interesting social changes. County Councils, in buying a large estate, often find themselves possessors of a substantial and it may even be a historic mansion, which is wholly unsuitable for division into small dwellings. Purchasers of such houses for residential purposes are few in these days, but in some cases another department of the County Council has purchased a mansion from the Small Holdings Committee for use as a sanatorium or home for mental defectives. Sometimes, however, it has proved possible, as at Otterburn Hall, Northumberland, an attractive stone house with oak doors and elaborate fittings, to make use of the existence of each of several staircases as the core of a good small-holder's dwelling, the only necessary work being the blocking up of a few door openings, and the erection of a few partitions. Such houses are often provided with large ranges of stabling and farm buildings, which can on occasion be divided to meet the needs of several holders. In some cases where this has proved impossible, owing to the great expense involved, a fine spirit of *camaraderie* has been revealed. A group of tenants will arrange for common use of the stabling, cowhouses, barns and granary, and in a Norfolk case have formed a syndicate to take over the existing power machinery in the building. In another Norfolk village a huge barn suffices for the separate needs of twenty-five tenants. Their spirit of helpful co-operation can be judged from the fact that the space is divided among them only by chalk marks on the floor: lots are drawn annually to prevent a monopoly of the most coveted corners. Every effort has been made by the local authorities to utilise equipment which social and economic changes and the sub-division of a farm have now made superfluous. At the Canwell Estate, acquired by the City of Birmingham, and elsewhere very satisfactory

farm buildings have been made by slight adaptation of a big range of dog kennels. In Wiltshire they are converting a four-storeyed silk mill, long disused, into cowsheds for two tenants, and in the Isle of Ely a factory, once used for the manufacture of peppermints, has been turned into a good pair of cottages. An Essex cowhouse, surplus to the requirements of the settlers, has served to create four cottages.

It is sometimes difficult to understand how a young ex-Service man, who has spent perhaps five of his adult years in the Army, can find enough capital to take a holding, even assuming that he is provided with a loan of £1 for each £1 he has in cash, stock or implements. The explanation can frequently be found in the financial resources inherent in kinship. An example of this may be quoted from a western county. An elderly man, who obtained a statutory small holding soon after the Act of 1908, had four sons. The two elder went out into the world while their father was still a labourer. The first became a fitter because there was no room for him on the land, but he always hankered to return to it. After the war he obtained a holding near his father. The second son went into the London police, joined up at the outbreak of war, applied for a holding in 1919 and got one, also near his father. The third son had grown up and worked on his father's holding, but was killed. The fourth son likewise went to the war from his father's holding, came back safe and sound, and obtained a bare land holding adjoining that of his father, with whom he lives. In the result four members of one family are holding in all 160 acres. The three sons not only have the benefit of their father's experience, but also of the capital resources which he had created during his ten years' occupation of his own well managed holding. There is no doubt that the family have entered on a prosperous career. Perhaps the best of ex-Service tenants are the sons of statutory small-holders originally settled on land as the result of the Small Holdings Act of 1908: they were brought up in the right atmosphere of hard work.

The effect on the problem of unemployment of dividing large farms into small holdings in districts which are exceptionally favourable for sub-division is well illustrated by an instance from the Vale of Evesham in Worcestershire. A farm of 184 acres was divided among seventy-five ex-Service men and is being used for highly intensive market gardens and fruit cultivation, thus, as an official report states, "doing away entirely with unemployment in the parish." Among the tenants on these fields are several men belonging to the Worcester Regiment, whose services at the first battle of Ypres have passed into history.

A few holdings have been let to women who belonged to the Land Army during the war. In one such case in Cornwall the market of a seaside resort has been exploited by a grower of flowers who, during the war winters, took a man's place as a shepherd in a lambing flock. The part, however, taken by women in land settlement is mainly that of wives and daughters of small-holders. Post-war experience has only confirmed the lesson of previous years and shown how vital to a small-holder's success are the character and capacity of his women folk. It has even been suggested that before applicants are approved as suitable tenants their wives should be interviewed as well.

The products of the holders are as diverse as the conditions of climate, soil and cultivation found in different parts of the country. On the eastern side of England cereals, fruit and vegetable crops prevail; on the western, dairy produce, more particularly fresh milk, is the staple product on which holders rely for an income. In all districts there are exceptions. A visitor to a small-holder in South Wales, "who is living in a Nissen hut and has created a rough timber structure as a kitchen," describes his market garden holding, "which a few months ago was a grass field," as a "picture of orderliness and high cultivation." As a general rule, small-holders follow even too closely the types of production already established in their district. The interest of north-countrymen in poultry keeping is well known. Substantial sums have been invested in fowls by small-holders in that part of the country. In a Northumberland case the tenant has sunk the whole of his savings and Army gratuity amounting to nearly £1,000, in pens of prize fowls. He was confident that his expert knowledge of the business would bring him in a good return.

Valuable work has been done in reinstatement of small-holders whose business prospects were dislocated by the war. A man in Cheshire who, in pre-war days, kept five cows on 7 acres, and states that he saved £100 a year, gave up his holding to join the Army. On demobilisation the Cheshire County Council were able to place him on a holding of 40 acres, and in his first nine months of tenancy he was able to sell milk in the Manchester market to the value of £350.

Organised co-operation in buying and selling grows very slowly, but there is much mutual helpfulness among neighbours. A common pasture, over which all the holders on an estate have a right, strictly regulated by themselves, to turn out cattle, sheep and horses, is a much-prized asset with more than one group of settlers.

The time has been too short since the passing of the Land Settlement (Facilities) Act to form a considered judgment of the measure of success which the ex-Service tenants will ultimately achieve. There is reason to fear that the severe

drought of last year may prove to have dealt a death blow to the success of some new settlers whose financial resources were too slender to resist so heavy a loss as the capital value of a year's work. There is no doubt that some applicants, approved and waiting for holdings, have been so greatly impressed by such misfortunes among their neighbours that they have withdrawn from the quest for land, and the general unsettlement caused by the decontrol of agriculture has also tended to the withdrawal of applications. But as in the case of small-holders supplied with land by the County Councils in the pre-war period, the personal factor in the direction of success or failure remains and will remain predominant. Skilfully directed labour, backed by adequate capital, is as necessary for a small-holder as for any other producer, and is just as likely in the end to secure an adequate return. The courage and resourcefulness of the men in facing the many difficulties and delays which cannot be avoided while their enterprise is still in the pioneer stage give good cause for hope as to their ultimate success.

FROM THE EDITOR'S BOOKSHELF

The Prisoners of Hartling, by J. D. Beresford. (Collins, 7s. 6d.)

MR. J. D. BERESFORD'S novels are always individual, if not always individual in the same way. The people in his latest are, to borrow a phrase from photography, nearer to the camera than those of some of his former books have been; but at the same time he presents them with a curious detachment, and for quite half of it there is a lack of life and passion in them which would have made the book a failure had not the same sweetness of the love between Arthur and Eleanor, which unfolds in the latter half, and the surprise with which the story closes, redeemed it. Mr. Beresford's theme is money; the command its possession gives to even a weak nature; the way in which all but the most vigorous characters bend before its power; and that this power in money is no inherent thing, but created by our own love of it. Arthur Woodroffe, a young doctor and distant connection, is invited to Hartling for the week-end. He finds old Mr. Kenyon, the head of the family, a patriarch, apparently benevolent, but aloof, with a circle of sons and daughters and grandchildren gathered under his roof, at first sight a happy, normal country house-party. Old Mr. Kenyon is intent on keeping Arthur with him as his medical attendant, with the prospect of coming into money when the old man dies as his reward; and Arthur, who has had a hard time in the war and who finds the life of a general practitioner in Peckham a sordid prospect, is inclined to accept and revel in the ease and luxury in which all the prisoners of Hartling share. But there is one grandchild, Eleanor, who has not put on the chains which the others wear so wearily, and it is she who makes Arthur see that waiting for dead men's shoes is an occupation in which a man may well, though he gave the whole world, lose his own soul. The prisoners tied to Hartling first by hope and then by fear of losing all the years they have spent there for nothing; the impressiveness of old Kenyon, cloaking an utter feebleness; Eleanor clear-headed and warm-hearted, but not impossibly self-possessed, are all in Mr. Beresford's best vein. It would be unfair to give away the contents of old Kenyon's will, which are announced to the prisoners on the last page but one. Save for its *dénouement*, this is in no sense a thrilling story, but one, which for the thought behind it and the sanity of its attitude to life, stands out from the crowd.

Disenchantment, by C. E. Montague. (Chatto and Windus, 7s.)

IT is only the enchanted who can suffer the pangs of disenchantment, and though we thought of ourselves as cynical people before the war, Mr. Montague's book leaves us wondering whether after all we were not hopelessly romantic and sentimental. Actually most of our young intellectuals seem to have believed, with touching faith, in the complete efficiency and devotion of every one of their fellow countrymen and to have been continually surprised by revelations of inadequacy. Was it not rash to suppose that we should get through the war without blunders? Modern war was demanding intelligence more and more every year; brains were coming to matter as much as bravery. But there was no evidence that our best brains were going into the Army in sufficient numbers, and no one would have been justified in expecting the private's shilling a day to attract the most intelligent among the working classes. The result was that numbers of such incidents as are described in *Disenchantment* were inevitable, stories of incapacity in Staff work, of ignorant and stupid and even corrupt sergeants, of keenness and enthusiasm met by a lack of sympathy and understanding. But that does not make disillusionment less tragic; and in setting out to describe how the idealists of 1914 came gradually to doubt in 1918 whether we could ever win at all "unless the Germans were just as bad" Mr. Montague has a poignant theme which needs all his literary power to do it justice. To say that that power is not found wanting is to admit that the book is a fine one. At its lowest level it is good journalism, and at its highest it is literature. It is not a novel, but rather a series of dissertations on the war, arranged in chronological order; and, though the despair which afflicts Mr. Montague may be due to a too great insistence on only one side of the picture, few will be able to read *Disenchantment* without being profoundly moved.

Sabine and Sabina, by W. E. Norris. (7s. 6d.)

MR. W. E. NORRIS may always be relied upon to provide a novel which is well written and deals in the nicest manner with the nicest people and, having given us so much, may be forgiven perhaps if he fails, sometimes, to show us Browning's "blood-tinctured heart within." His story here is of a coolness between a husband and wife, which really seems to have arisen largely because they were not ready for each other; marriage was so easily achieved that love had no time to grow strong before it was transplanted to that more trying atmosphere. Charles and Sabina had not learned each other's language before they began

to talk, and, consequently, quite misunderstood each the other's character. This lack of mutual faith lets them drift apart, and a flirtatious portrait painter and a vivacious French lady, married to a Spanish noble, very nearly make the little rift within the lute a break beyond all mending. Luckily, Charles and Sabina really are the right people for each other and find it out in time, so that we leave them to begin a new epoch in their married life, with love a sturdy plant well tried by the winds of adversity. Sabina's godfather, Sabine, tells the story, which takes us to Spain and gives Mr. Sabine—or Mr. Norris—a chance to describe Spanish scenes very pleasingly and paint for us the beauties of the Alhambra.

The Secrets of a Savoyard, by Henry Lytton. (Jarrold, 6s.)

IN these gay-hearted pages Henry Lytton gives us the confidences of one "who has lived a happy life, whose vocation it has been to minister to the public enjoyment, and whose outlook has inevitably been happily coloured by such long association with the gladsome operas of the old Savoy." Lytton began his Savoyard career in a perfectly Gilbertian manner. While still a schoolboy he eloped with a beautiful member of the chorus of bridesmaids in "Ruddigore," and the pair were married at St. Mary's, Kensington, their joint fortune amounting to eighteenpence. This they decided to spend on a honeymoon consisting of the longest possible drive in a hansom. The bridegroom obtained a part in the opera, and for two subsequent years "on tour" it seemed that "the troubles of married life had vanished for ever." Alas for the optimism of Savoyard youth, there followed a fierce apprenticeship to the poverty, hunger and fatigue of the poor strolling player. There were lodgings in the slums of Waterloo, there were trappings through Surrey, with a barn for theatre; but it was a poverty irradiated always by the tender-hearted fellowship, the brave mirth, of the "profession." To this period belongs the story of 'Oppy, the general utility man, a story that should be written in letters of pure gold. At last Lytton was back again among the Savoyards as understudy to Grossmith. Grossmith fell suddenly ill, and the unknown stripling found himself facing the deathly silence of a resentful audience in the part of Robin Oakapple. At the end of the first duet storms of applause swept the house, and from that night success was assured. Lytton, intuitively, caught the rhythm which was always Sullivan's first care; and his buoyant zest, his gift for giving full measure to each delicate point of Gilbertian wit, without exaggeration or clowning, the joyous grace of his dancing, all embody the very quintessence of the operas. Gilbert would weigh every word, condensing three pages of MSS. into a short speech; he taught Lytton that each of these considered words must be clearly enunciated. Again, Gilbert taught him the dramatic value of restraint. "Always leave a little to the audience's imagination," he would say. "Leave it to them to enjoy the point of a joke." Here is the origin of Henry Lytton's irresistible way of projecting himself across the footlights into the happy confidence of each one of his audience. Sullivan's music, as he tells us, "sparkles like a stream in the sunshine." His own pages are no less bright with sunny mirth. They sparkle, also, with reminiscence and anecdote, drawn from a long and affectionate intimacy with Gilbert, with Sullivan, with D'Oyly Carte, and with the public.

Verses of a House-Mother, by Fay Inchfawn. (R.T.S., 3s.)

MISS FAY INCHFAWN'S verse is well known to readers of COUNTRY LIFE. Hers is not often a thrilling note or a far-fetched theme, but her work has purity and tender charm and a distinct personality which give it value. Many of the poems in this little book have a religious bias, and, as in her previous volume, "The Verse Book of a Homely Woman," she expresses very faithfully the outlook of a very large majority of the women of this country. The spread of education has made many a woman appreciative of literature, art and travel whose hands are tied to the most ordinary domestic duties. Miss Inchfawn has voiced at once their rebellion against the narrowness of such life and the ideal of duty, love and service which avails to sweeten it.

BOOKS WORTH READING.

Edmond Warre, by C. R. L. Fletcher. (Murray, 21s.)
The Fortnightly Club, by Horace G. Hutchinson. (Murray, 12s.)
The Friendly Arctic, by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. (Macmillan, 20s.)
Anatole France and His Circle, by Paul Gsell. (John Lane, 7s. 6d.)
The Soul of Central Africa, by the Rev. John Roscoe. (Cassell, 25s.)

POETRY.

Two Poems, by John Freeman. (Selwyn and Blount, 21s.)
Poems: Second Series, by J. C. Squire. (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)

SHOOTING NOTES

BY MAX BAKER.

A TRADERS' EXHIBITION IN BIRMINGHAM.

THE British Industries Fair at Birmingham does not contain the representative show of guns which was to be seen there last year, the reason being that costly selling effort is judged to be wasted when foreign buyers have ceased to be impetuous in their onslaughts. Notable among the firms who in a spirit of *noblesse oblige* decided to be present was the house of Webley, which, after considering the situation brought about by the cessation of demand for military revolvers and kindred weapons, combined with the restrictive influences of the Firearms Act, has decided, nevertheless, to develop, as far as may be, its more peaceful productions. It would have been a great pity for their fine factory to be closed, for ever since the firm of Webley commenced the manufacture of revolvers for the British Government they have utilised the fine machine-shop processes which were imposed to achieve the more exact production of sporting rifles and shot-guns. The work they have done and the example they have set have between them greatly advanced the quality of British weapons during the past forty or so years. Another firm, that of Greener, was showing some very fine specimens of sporting firearms. Their side-lock ejector, following closely the type which has become practically fixed by evolution processes, is a very fine weapon and reasonably priced at the 90 guineas which is asked for it. The traditional Greener design, which has many merits, is to this extent put aside; and, all things considered, one may commend the broadmindedness which enables those who favour the standard best gun outline to associate it with the Greener standard of workmanship. The great popular draw to the stall was, however, a weird animal with rather artificial-looking stripes on its back: it was a fine specimen of the Tasmanian "devil." B.S.A. specialties were imposingly set out on a stall which breathed the spirit of the chase by virtue of some choice examples of the taxidermist's art. Their leading lines are too well known to need mention in the present connection. The Nobel stall contained, as its central feature, a showcase which demonstrated the decorative effect of cartridges set out in the form of geometrical patterns. One would award them first prize for scenic effects but for the fact that the vastly greater opportunities presented by Nettlefold screws were utilised to the full. The efficiency of a cartridge cannot conveniently be demonstrated at an exhibition, hence the striking eye picture presented by way of alternative. Messrs. Cogswell and Harrison's stall concentrated on the Moorgrey gun, which contains a remarkable and interesting re-design of the conventional gun mechanism calculated to ensure strength and durability at a moderate price. The non-ejector retails at £13 10s. and the ejector at £17 10s., with a higher quality model beyond.

THE CLAY BIRD CLUB HEADQUARTERS.

Information has reached me to the effect that the Clay Bird Shooting Association has decided that no useful purpose can be served by its continued existence, and further, that steps shall forthwith be taken to wind up its affairs. The Association was started about the year 1893 to act jointly on behalf of certain manufacturers in the matter of encouraging clay bird shooting, but now that its constituent elements have become amalgamated there is no need to join what has been permanently united. The Association's activities comprised the maintenance of a headquarters to which every species of enquiry as to the formation and running of clubs could be addressed; also the framing and circulation of standard rules; and, finally, the presentation of prizes for competition at its own championship meeting and for events held elsewhere. The present feeling is that propaganda work and the donation of prizes can equally well be carried on by the Nobel Company in the ordinary course of its business, while the framing of rules to govern the conduct of shooting is best administered without any species of trade collaboration. What with the cessation of trap shooting at live birds and a definite and independent growth of interest in clay bird shooting conducted on club lines, the move which has been made, though somewhat drastic, may stimulate vitality of a kind which has been lacking during all the years that the pastime has suffered under the slur of being subsidised. Now that the clubs will be compelled to form their own governing organisation, or do without, a spirit of emulation may well arise and produce results far ahead of previous accomplishments. There is no doubt that many true lovers of the gun lack opportunities for its use sufficient to satisfy their cravings. More than this, many of their number have a taste for using it under competitive conditions, especially when a pool adds financial zest to the result. Nowadays, one does not harp on the benefits to general shooting form of practice at the conventional going-away bird. For some unknown reason the bird which the trap is capable of throwing in such a manner as closely to reproduce the flight of driven game has not proved popular to the extent of replacing the kind which makes clay bird shooting a separate and self-contained department of shot-gun marksmanship.

THE SHOOTING ESTATE AS A BIRD SANCTUARY.

I always read with sympathy and attention any pronouncements which are made on behalf of the organised bodies of bird

lovers, all the while regretting that there should be such a wide chasm of sentimental separation between these enthusiasts and those who represent the shooting interest. Both have much the same ends in view and are inspired by the same overwhelming love of Nature, though attaining their results by different means. The Nature student pure and simple loves everything—rare specimens included—while the sportsman is more discriminating, and, in my opinion, more effective in achieving the greatest good for the greatest number. The one directs the bulk of his policing efforts against human destroyers, the other regards what he styles vermin as responsible for 100 deaths as against one encompassed by the man with the gun or someone acting on his behalf. If we look carefully into details we soon discover that even the bird-nesting enthusiasm of village lads is seldom prolonged beyond the period when blackbirds, thrushes and hedge sparrows are conducting their early nesting operations. A few of the fences near cottages are industriously searched and no doubt many nests heartlessly robbed; but these are as nothing to those which escape or are protected by keepers from such ravages. Here and there the Nature enthusiasts enclose some favoured nesting area, put up boxes and do other things calculated to encourage breeding operations; but the sportsman protects millions of acres, not only from human depredation but from the more wholesale attacks of vermin. His method is the more generally beneficial, for it protects nesting sites over the large spaces to which birds have of necessity to scatter in order to provide food for their families.

Let us take as example the sanctuary which has been maintained for a large number of years at Perivale. My first introduction to this piece of covert was some twenty years ago, on the occasion of shooting a few pheasants which had been installed therein. No more perfect piece of bramble entanglement could possibly be imagined; it was the ideal of what a pheasant covert—and therefore a bird sanctuary—should be. In the course of years lack of attention has deprived the underwood of its dense matting at the ground surface; the place when I last saw it was intersected in all directions by constantly used tracks; and though there were quite a large number of nests I do not think there could have been as many as when privacy, safeguarded by natural means, was the dominant characteristic of the place.

NATURALISTS SHOULD DISOWN THE COLLECTOR.

What, then, is the chasm which separates the two kinds of Nature lover into separate camps—not exactly hostile camps, because although hostility exists, it is on one side only? The sin of the preserver resides in the fact that he destroys crows, jays, magpies and hawks—not to mention rats, stoats, weasels, hedgehogs and so forth, since this department of protection is seldom objected to. The main criticism against keeping methods is based on the real or alleged destruction of the kestrel. Let us suppose for argument's sake that all is true which is alleged. What can it matter?—for by all practical tests the kestrel is conspicuously plentiful. If there are millions of acres of preserved land there are many more millions which know not the keeper's attentions. As a consequence vastly more kestrels, hawks, jays and magpies successfully rear their broods than succumb to the measures taken on preserved territories. Excluding the kestrel, which is a great bone of contention, there are fully as many of the undoubtedly preying species as is good for the well being of insectivorous and other beneficial birds. The green plover is, for instance, a bird we should like to see in even larger congregations than the immense flocks everywhere to be seen during winter-time. But take a drive in any open piece of country where they nest in large numbers and witness some of the heartless robberies which are perpetrated by the carrion crow, and then ask yourself whether the carrion crow is not best done away with. In point of fact it never could be exterminated, for besides its ordinary habit of nesting in open country it favours trees in town parks and around suburban dwelling places where its immunity is assured. My own theory to account for the hostility which is so often shown by Nature lovers for the methods of which preservers are accused is that their study necessarily involves a good deal of what is vulgarly described as trespassing. And I know no more unpleasant or humiliating experience than to be challenged by a keeper whose artfully hid presence has not been detected, and to be ordered off the ground as if one were dirt. Keepers are a most agreeable set of men if you are properly introduced, but in the other aspect they stimulate undying hatred. If only a body of naturalists would arise which would definitely forswear the collecting habit they could be granted privileges and assistance which would go far to assuage the existing distrust. And the public is seldom informed of the anxieties of the preserver to protect some rare nesting species from the persistent efforts of the collector. To summarise the position as between the two parties, the naturalist suffers in the eyes of the keeper from the fine graduations which connect him with the bird-nesting boy, while, from the other point of view, the keeper is a sort of tyrant who kills beautiful creatures the sins of which are not apparent to the eye.